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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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THE BAN-SHEE.

A BALLAD OF ANCIENT ERIN.

I.

"HEARDST thou over the Fortress wild geese
flying and crying?
Was it a gray wolf's howl? wind in the forest
sighing?
Wail from the sea as of wreck? Hast heard
it, comrade?" "Not so.
Here, all still as the grave, above, around,
and below.

"The warriors lie in battalion, spear and
shield beside them,
Tranquil, whatever lot in the coming fray shall
betide them.
See, where he rests, the Glory of Erin, our
kingly youth!
Closed his lion's eyes, and in sleep a smile on
his mouth."

"The cry, the dreadful cry! I know it—
louder and nearer,
Circling our Dûn—the *Ban-shee*!—my heart
is frozen to hear her!
Saw you not in the darkness a spectral glim-
mer of white
Flitting away?—I saw it!—evil her message
to-night.

"Constant, but never welcome, she, to the
line of our chief;
Bodeful, baleful, fateful, voice of terror and
grief.
Dimly burneth the lamp—hush! again that
horrible cry!—
If a thousand lives could save thee, Tierna,
thou shouldst not die."

II.

"Now, what whisper ye, clansmen? I wake.
Be your words of me?
Wherefore gaze on each other? I too have
heard the Ban-shee.
Death is her message: but ye, be silent.
Death comes to no man
Sweet as to him who in fighting crushes his
country's foeman.

"Streak of dawn in the sky—morning of
battle. The stranger
Camps on our salt-sea strand below, and reck-
s not his danger.
Victory!—that was my dream: one that shall
fill men's ears
In story and song of harp after a thousand
years.

"Give me my helmet and sword. Whale-
tusk, gold-wrought, I clutch thee!
Blade, Flesh-Biter, fail me not this time!
Yea, when I touch thee,
Shivers of joy run through me. Sing aloud
as I swing thee!
Glut of enemies' blood, meseemeth, to-day
shall bring thee.

"Sound the horn! Behold, the sun 'is be-
ginning to rise.
Whoso seeth him set, ours is the victor's
prize,
When the foam along the sand shall no longer
be white but red—
Spoils and a mighty feast for the living, a
cain for the dead!"
Longman's Magazine. W. ALLINGHAM.

COME, let us make his pleasant grave
Upon this shady shore,
Where the sad river, wave on wave,
Shall grieve forevermore;
Oh, long and sweet shall be his dream,
Lulled by its soothing flow—
Sigh softly, softly, shining stream,
Because he loved you so!

Fair blossom daughters of the May,
So lovely in your bloom,
Your ranks must stand aside to-day,
To give our darling room;
These dewdrops which you shed in showers
Are loving tears, I know—
Bloom brightly, brightly, grateful flowers,
Because he loved you so!

Here all the warm, long summer days,
The yellow bees shall come,
Coquetting down the blossomy ways
With loud and ringing hum;
While warbling in the sunny trees
The birds flit to and fro—
Sing sweetly, sweetly, birds and bees,
Because he loved you so!

Here with their soft and cautious tread,
The light feet of the shower
Shall walk about his grassy bed,
And cool the sultry hour;
Yet may not wake to smiles again
The eyes which sleep below—
Fall lightly, lightly, pleasant rain,
Because he loved you so!

And when the summer's voice is dumb,
And lost her blooming grace,
When sighing autumn tempests come
To weep above the place,
Till all the forest boughs are thinned,
Their leafy pride laid low—
Grieve gently, gently, wailing wind,
Because he loved you so!

And when beneath the chilly light
That crowns the winter day,
The storms shall clothe his grave in white,
And shut the world away—
Above his sweet untroubled rest
Fall soft, caressing snow—
Drift tenderly across his breast,
Because he loved you so!

ELIZABETH AKERS.

From The National Review.
OLD AND NEW OXFORD.

THE publication of Mr. Pycroft's book containing recollections of Oxford, not, indeed, so far back as the days of Reginald Dalton, but as far back as, or farther than, the days of Tom Brown, combined with the interesting account of Magdalen fifty years ago contained in the "Life of Mr. Charles Reade," have moved me to renew a few of my own reminiscences of a later date than these, though still lying in the time of old Oxford, before the heavy hand of Radical reformers had broken down her hedge and thrown open her vineyard to the world. A comparison of what Oxford was then with what she is now, from an outside point of view, and from the undergraduate's point of view, will, I hope, possess some interest for readers of this review.

Of the men who were undergraduates at Oxford from twenty to forty years ago there are probably but few living who have never revisited it since. Some, of course, have never left it; others have taken up their sons to matriculate, as they themselves were taken up by their fathers aforetime. Others have interested themselves in politics or literature, and have come up to vote at the university elections; and others, again, have found their way back to Oxford, led by purely sentimental motives, a desire once more to bask in its influences; to look again on the beautiful and venerable scenes which delighted their youth, and to renew their college friendships among the gardens and the halls in which they ripened. Doubtless there must be a certain percentage who either came to grief or settled early abroad, or whose mode of life at home led them so utterly away from all university interest that they have been dead to Oxford ever since they put on their gowns. These, of course, are very likely never to have seen Oxford again. But if any one there be, at this moment, who after an absence of thirty years or so is moved to make a pilgrimage to Oxford by the pleasures of memory, we would warn him to do nothing rashly. Let him make as many inquiries beforehand as if he were going to a foreign land; and make up his mind whether

he is prepared to face the shock he will experience. It might be as well even to consult a doctor, and ascertain that his heart is quite sound, before venturing on the experiment. For I can promise him that in many particulars — not, perhaps, intrinsically the most important, but likely to strike such a man as strongly, at least, as any others — he will find much to damp old associations, and to bring him up very short, before he has been on foot many hours.

Nothing, of course, can deprive Oxford of its romantic and literary associations, and nothing, that is likely to happen, of its natural and material glories; only the extinction of civilization can obliterate the first, and only brute violence destroy the second. Oxford is still the Oxford of Champion, of Cavaliers and Jacobites, of Addison and Johnson, of Wellesley and Canning, of Keble and Newman. The hand of improvement has not yet touched Magdalene Tower, or New College Gardens, or St. Mary's Church, or the noble sweep of the High Street. These are all there as they were a hundred years ago, and will be, let us hope, a hundred years hence. Even here, however, some of those useful deformities have crept in which bagmen call progress and men of taste vandalism. Tramcars run down "the High," and Magdalene Bridge has been widened to make room for them. But what will make the deepest impression on the gaze of the long-absent visitor, is the change which has taken place in the environs of Oxford. Formerly, whether we approached Oxford from the east or from the west, from the north or from the south, there was nothing to mar the effect of the *coup d'œil* which was in store for us. We came straight from the woods and the meadows into the heart of the university, and found ourselves at once surrounded by its colleges and churches, without having passed through any intermediate zone of modern brick and mortar. St. Clement's, indeed, might call itself a suburb, but it was very short, and there was no other. Now, on the contrary, the visitor approaches Oxford through a fringe of genteel villas such as you may see at Highbury, or Camberwell, bespeaking the growth of a new world out-

side the old one, and little in harmony with the ideas of Oxford which he carried away with him a generation ago. It is true that many of these houses are inhabited by tutors and professors. But one likes to think of a tutor or a professor living either actually in his college or at least under the shadow of its walls, and within the sacred area of the solemn and stately structures which make Oxford what she is. But alongside the academic race which peoples the outskirts of the university, there is also a great influx of immigrants from other quarters, who have settled near Oxford for the sake of getting a cheaper university education for their sons, and hoping to turn Oxford into a big day-school, like the institution in Gower Street. Formerly all round and about Oxford it was difficult to find anything that was commonplace. Now she is surrounded with it: and though doubtless it is one mark of prosperity, it spoils the effect of that semi-monastic repose which was one of the chief characteristics of the place in the olden time. I do not know whether it is necessary for me, at this stage of my remarks, to enter any protest against being misunderstood or supposed to mean that recent changes in the University of Oxford have not been dictated by necessity. I am not dealing with the serious aspects of the question, but am merely recording for the amusement of others like myself some of the thoughts which have awakened in me by the perusal of Mr. Pycroft's book; and if I shall so write on any particular topic which *does* belong to a more serious class of consideration as to convey the impression that I like the old *régime* better than the new, it must be remembered that I ask nobody to agree with me.

What the pilgrim may still do with little to alloy his satisfaction is to revisit all his old familiar haunts in the neighborhood of Oxford: Bagly Wood, and Witham, and Cumnor, and Bablock Hythe, where the scholar gipsy was seen returning with his wild flowers from "distant Wychwood" — now, alas! no more — and Ifly and Sandford and Shotover and Stow Wood and Beckly, and tumble-down old Islip, and Water Eaton and Elsfield.

The bean-fields, I dare say, smell as sweet as ever by the side of the unfrequented footpath which leads from Headington to Stow Wood; but where is the very pretty girl who brought you eggs and bacon at the Royal Oak, as modest and good as she was pretty? Alas! it is the change in the human element, both in and around the university, which reminds us that we did not quit it yesterday. I wonder what has become of the very remarkable waiter at the inn at Ensham, and whether men still go there to shoot, as they used to do in my time, coming home perhaps with a rabbit and a water-hen, and thinking they had done well. I remember once going there in a more ambitious spirit to shoot through two or three woods, the terms being a sovereign for the day and take what you killed, and my bag that day really did boast of a pheasant, a hare, and two rabbits. But are there such men in Oxford now as the "lad" who rode with us on the dog-cart, and officiated as beater during the day, in company with another gentleman of essentially the same species, whom he picked up by the way? Has "Windy Davis" left any successor to his name and his reputation, and his garments, to say nothing of his hunger and his thirst? I remember, after dinner, that when we objected to the enormous sum that was charged for our two ragged attendants, the waiter aforesaid assured us, in an injured tone, that they had had quite a plain dinner, "Just a loin of pork, sir, and a plain pudding, with two quarts of ale apiece." Are these things still done, I ask?

But to return to the university itself, from which we have been too long absent. The first thing that strikes one after a long absence from Oxford, in strolling along the principal streets, is the scarcity of "men," by which, of course, every old university man will understand me to mean the favored class to whom that term was applied *par excellence*. "Men," of course, do not now wear their caps and gowns out of college so generally as they used to do, if at all. But in my time it was easy enough to distinguish a member of the university without his academicals. When last at Oxford I remember passing lots

of young fellows in the streets whom I could not, for the life of me, assign to any class of society. They did not look like townsmen; they did not look like gowmsmen; they did not look like public-school men come up to try for scholarships. I could not tell what they were. When, after a long time, I confided to my wife that I feared, after all, these must be the university men, of whom I had often talked to her, her disappointment was mingled with sarcasm. I remember, once upon a time, that an old London friend of mine, who had been a journalist from his youth up, told me that he had lately met in Fleet Street a little tradesman, who, for some reason or other, had, many years ago, been admitted to a small convivial club, of which my friend was a member. He had not seen him for a long time; but as soon as he reminded him of the club, "Ah, sir," exclaimed the little man, "*we was a lot!*" Now, I suppose, I had talked in the same strain to my wife, of the lot to which I belonged at Oxford, and of the fine fellows that we all were. At all events, it is clear that she expected something very different from what she actually saw; and so did I; and to this day I have never received any satisfactory explanation of it. I suppose it was my own imagination that was to blame; and that I was like Thackeray, who, meeting the head boy of his school many years afterwards in the world, was surprised to find that he was not seven feet high. But the change in the style of dress, and what I may call college etiquette, is a fact. The appearance of Charles Reade at Magdalen as dean of arts, in a green coat and brass buttons, was such a shock to the college traditions that it created a panic even among the junior members. Thirty years ago no man was ever seen in the streets of Oxford after lunch without being dressed as he would have been in Pall Mall. Tail coats were sometimes worn in those days in the morning, and the fast men still wore cutaways. But the correct thing for the quiet, gentlemanly undergraduate was a black frock-coat, and tall hat, with the neatest of gloves and boots, and in this costume he went out for his country walk the admired of all beholders,

as he passed through Hinksey or Headington. In the same dress he usually went into hall, and appeared at wine parties; though now, I believe, shooting-jackets of all patterns, in which it is not given to every man to look like a gentleman, have taken the place of this decorous garb in which every one looked well. This change alone is one that makes a considerable difference in the outward aspect of undergraduate life at Oxford to one who remembers what it was.

The life of undergraduates has changed as well as their attire. The introduction into the university of quite a new class of men, belonging to a lower rank of life, has led to the formation of new social habits among men of the old stamp, which are, however, but an inadequate compensation for what has passed away. In the pre-Reform days, the whole body of Oxford men were, in many respects, like one gigantic common room; all members of a highly exclusive society; all members of the Church, and, with some very few exceptions, which did not in the slightest degree affect the tone or manners of the place, all gentlemen. To belong to the class to which, in those days, a university education was practically limited was a social distinction. It was considered a good deal to be able to say of one that he was a university man; and though certain faults might be fostered in such an atmosphere which may have caused many people to rejoice over its dispersion, yet I do not know whether it did not tend to make Oxford a more pleasant place of residence for undergraduates than it has been since. Charles Reade's reminiscences quite bear me out in this suggestion—it may be said perhaps in spite of himself—though it must be owned there is a great deal of exaggeration in the book, of which the account of Mr. Slat-ter's school is not the least remarkable example. Every individual felt himself the member of a little aristocracy, and was conscious of the dignity of privilege. Now, however, with the abolition of tests, the introduction of unattached students, and the foundation of a Non-conformist college, all is changed. Oxford has been opened up with the result of dividing the

university into two classes, separated by a much more strongly marked line than ever distinguished them before. There is the class who still endeavor to keep up the old mode of life, and live as undergraduates lived before the flood; and there are the new men who stand aloof from it, and live practically much the same lives as the students of Glasgow or St. Andrews. I heard the other day of the son of a laboring man who not only lives on his scholarship, but helps his family out of the surplus. All this was sure to happen. As soon as the whole nation woke up to the advantages of a university education, it was obliged to be brought within their reach. While classical culture, even in a very moderate form, was the luxury of a few, and learning of still fewer, the hall monaster, hall patrician, and wholly exclusive system of Oxford might continue to flourish. But when the laity began to clamor for the wine of knowledge as well as for the bread, there was no withstanding the demand; and though a few old-fashioned individuals may regret its effect on the university, none can doubt its beneficial effect upon the nation.

Not that the old ideas, sentiments, and instincts have been eradicated at Oxford, or are likely to be eradicated very speedily. One consequence of admitting to the university in large numbers members of a class different from that to which nine-tenths of the undergraduates formerly belonged, has been to multiply other centres of exclusiveness in which the aristocratic element takes refuge. What men formerly found within the walls of their own college they now find in clubs. In my time I remember there was an Eton Club, and there may have been one or two more. But now I believe they are much more numerous, and are confined exclusively to men of a certain social standing. This is one very marked development of undergraduate life. And a still more noticeable feature of it is the institution of dining-clubs. These have not yet spread, I believe, beyond a few colleges; but there is no reason why they should not, in time, become general. The dining-club is formed of a certain college set, who are allowed a table to themselves in hall, and to have "guest-nights," after the manner of military messes. On these occasions they invite their out-college friends, and are permitted the use of wine, with a better dinner than is commonly provided, for which, of course, they pay extra. The whole party appears in full evening dress,

and after dinner there is commonly an adjournment to some neighboring billiard-room, to be followed by cards, and perhaps supper in the room of one of the entertainers. As far as the social life of Oxford is concerned, the dining-club is the greatest novelty which has been introduced since my own days. It is not like a little private coterie, the members of which dine together in each other's rooms, or at an inn. It is an established part of the college system recognized and sanctioned by the authorities, and if it has a tendency to wean men from large and noisy wine parties, one can understand its encouragement. With this exception, breakfast, wine, and supper parties, hunting, cricket, and rowing seem to go on much as usual; but a new department in the school of "manly exercises" has come into existence lately, and attained a prominence which many disapprove. I mean, of course, "athletics," which now, as the "university sports," have attained nearly as much celebrity as the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race.

It is complained that colleges are valued now not merely by the younger and less studious undergraduates, but by the public opinion of the university, for their excellence in gymnastics as much as for their excellence in scholarship; that physical culture, instead of being a mere amusement, or, at most, a humble appendage of academic life, has now practically forced its way into the university curriculum, and rears its head boldly alongside of the intellectual culture which is the proper object of university education. As to the facts of the case, I do not pretend to speak with any confidence; but, assuming them to be true, it may be conjectured that gymnastics have only provided one additional occupation in the university for those undergraduates who would never, under any circumstances, have become students, and that while jumping and running have taken many men from billiards, they have taken very few from Plato or Thucydides. I do not know that this is the case; but it seems only probable. That a man cannot devote himself to scholarship or logic is no proof that he is destitute of energy, resolution, or emulation; and if gymnastics provide a harmless safety-valve for energies which would otherwise have been expended on less worthy objects, what right have we to censure them? The mere lounging life which was spent by many undergraduates in my time, if it led them into no great expenses, led them into other dangers to

which active outdoor amusements are the best possible antidote.

Another great difference between old Oxford and new, of which I have been forcibly reminded by reading the life of Mr. Reade, is in the character of the long vacation. Reade, we are told, always retained his five rooms at Magdalen, "facing, on the south, the cloisters and towers of ancient Magdalen, and on the north overlooking the grove, with its browsing deer and the romantic water-walk;" and here he came in the depth of the long vacation to have Oxford to himself, and to shoot over the college property at Tubney. I can conceive no kind of life more nearly resembling Paradise than this. In those old long vacations, *πρὶν ἔλθειν νύκτας*, Oxford was delightful. For a don, with his own rooms in a beautiful college like Magdalen, and enjoying, at the same time, country life and field sports, it must have been perfectly delicious. With all the dignity of a college fellow in the olden days, with all the ease and freedom of an inn, breathing an atmosphere of literature and romance, surrounded by libraries, and within easy reach of a little snug partridge-shooting, such a man must have wished, forty years ago, that August and September would endure forever. The undergraduates had all vanished. The educational machine was still. Only here and there a stray coach, with a stray pupil, was to be seen. A great calm had settled down upon the queenly city. Her gardens and her towers, her hoary quadrangles and her melancholy cloisters, acquired fresh charms and spoke to one in deeper tones. Then, and then only, did one know what real repose meant. But nowadays, as I understand, there is no real vacation, or only a short one, at Oxford. Men and dons remain in residence. The work of the university goes briskly on, and the September Sabbath is no more. It has done me good to find how much it was appreciated by Charles Reade.

Whatever changes have taken place in the undergraduate world at Oxford, have had their parallels among the fellows of colleges; and I fancy that in these changes, also, one well acquainted with the old and the new *régime* would see the same mixture of things to be regretted and things to be desired which is to be found in all human vicissitudes. I remember that in the days of old Oxford it used frequently to be lamented, by persons, perhaps, who had never considered very carefully the difficulties in the way of such a change, that there was so little familiar intercourse

between the younger tutors and the undergraduates. Unquestionably mistakes were made for want of it. But with the system of collegiate discipline which ruled at Oxford thirty years ago, it would have been almost impossible. To have made it effective, young tutors and fellows not more than two or three years older than the undergraduates themselves, with all the memories and associations of their own undergraduate days fresh upon them, must have mingled on terms of equality with the men under their command, have visited them in their own rooms, drunk wine with them, and smoked with them. And how would it have been possible always under such circumstances to keep the conversation within the charmed circle, outside of which no don might step? There would have been more than one closed chamber which neither might enter, and the consciousness of it would have certainly impaired, if it did not destroy, that perfect freedom of communication which would alone make such intercourse of any value. At the same time I must readily admit that for want of that better knowledge of the undergraduate population which might in that way be obtained, tutors used to make egregious errors in their judgment of individual men. Mr. Pycroft tells us that men's characters were discussed by the dons over their wine in the common room. But they could judge only from the outside; by regularity at chapel and at lecture, quiet habits in college, and deferential civility to themselves. Such were the virtues which the dons used to delight to honor, though all might be combined with indolence, dullness, and even vice; while other men of more lively temperament, high animal spirits, and literary tastes, who only wanted taking by the hand, and a little encouragement and advice, to display steady application, were frowned upon as idle and dissipated. Mr. Pycroft thinks the dons learned all that it was necessary to know from the scouts. But without objecting to a system of espionage which the peculiar circumstances might render necessary, I have no hesitation in saying that no scout in the world could tell a tutor what he ought to want to know of the men under his charge, if he is to do them real justice. What does the scout know about the mortification, disappointment, and anger experienced by the man who finds himself thoroughly misunderstood; of the shyness and nervousness which often prevent him from explaining himself; of the recklessness which takes possession of him when he finds that he

can do nothing right, that his best efforts fail to win him a single smile or nod of friendly recognition from those whom he is solicitous to please, while performances much inferior to his own are selected for public commendation? The scouts cannot help the common room to save itself from errors such as these; but junior fellows mixing freely with the undergraduates could; and, other considerations apart, would certainly form a very useful link in the chain between the older dons and the men still *in statu pupillari*. It must be remembered, however, that then, as now, the number of young resident fellows who were not tutors, was comparatively small. After the year of probation was passed, those who did not intend to devote themselves to college work usually went elsewhere; some to curacies, some to the inns of court, some to the public schools, some into the civil service; and at the present day, I imagine it would be more true to say that there are no resident fellows at all who are not engaged in academic work of some description.

I recollect more than one example in my own time of men whose careers were in great danger of being wrecked through the blindness or prejudices of particular dons, who, however, were really able to plead the excuse that they knew no better. One man I remember, of considerable humor and a brilliant scholar, who, after carrying off one of the great university prizes, was warned by the tutors of his college to beware of the pride of intellect. This was all the honor he got in his own country; all the thanks he received for a distinction conferred upon his college such as it had not won for many years. This quaint return for months of hard work, spent on what everybody supposed to be a legitimate object of ambition, had a twofold effect upon the man. It made the authorities ridiculous in his eyes; and, secondly, brought him to believe that he should never be able to gain their good opinion. What was the result? He became wild, mutinous, and dissolute; and though he continued to read, and distinguish himself still more highly, he ruined his chance of a fellowship, and lived and died in obscurity.

I knew another, whose misfortunes were rather comic than serious, yet they illustrate the want of closer communication between fellows and undergraduates even still more closely. This man came up to college with a great love of scholarship and literature, which might easily have been nurtured into habits of assiduous

study. But he was fond of pleasure, irregular at chapel, and not always prepared for lecture. In some men at Oxford, if the dons took a fancy to them, these were venial errors. But my friend was shy, even a little awkward, and certainly possessed none of the arts of a courtier. What made me say that his misadventures were comic, was a circumstance that arose directly out of this deficiency in his character. One morning, five minutes before lecture, he found he had no shoes ready to wear. He roared for his scout, but in vain. The time passed, and he was obliged to stay away, for to have attended lecture in a pair of red and green slippers would in those days have been regarded as a deliberate insult to the tutor. Now, mark — when sent for to explain his absence, this man was too shy to give the real reason; he fancied he should make himself ridiculous by saying he had no shoes, so what he did say was simply this: "If you please, sir, I couldn't come." The tutor dismissed him with the remark that this was a very insufficient answer, and thenceforth gave out in all companies that S — was the idlest man in college. The character clung to him. He heard of it, and very naturally resented it. But what we are said to be at school and college we often end by being, and S — became more irregular than ever, and though in reality a strong Conservative, with the highest reverence for authority, and a keen interest in Oxford studies, he became in the eyes of the dons a Radical, a rebel, and a prodigal, who never opened a book. He was not any one of the three. He took good honors, and did well afterwards, but his career at Oxford was a failure. He missed the fellowship which was necessary to him, and just escaped going to the dogs. I mention these two instances because they show how invaluable would be the assistance and information which the college authorities might derive from men of their own order who mixed freely with the undergraduates, and understood the public opinion of the college. From such a medium of communication they would have learned at once that neither S. nor R. was the man they took him for. Much mortification would have been spared to both of them, much injustice would have been avoided, and a mistake which at one time seemed to threaten both of them with ruin would never have been committed.

As Oxford comes to be regarded more as a centre of learning, and less as a place of moral discipline, there will be less

chance of such mistakes; and even now I believe some progress has been made towards breaking down the old barriers. There is more companionship than there used to be between the reading men in college and the younger fellows, tutors though they may be, and the inconveniences which were apprehended from such intercourse do not seem to have arisen. There is at the same time a good deal of other society now open to undergraduates, which of old was entirely closed to them. The married tutors and others who now live at Oxford and inhabit the genteel villas at which we have already called, open their doors hospitably to the younger members of the university, and the undergraduate can now enjoy ladies' society at Oxford as freely as he can at home. Evening parties, lawn tennis, all the usual amusements which elsewhere bring the sexes together, now flourish in luxuriance within earshot of "Tom," with a wholesome moral effect, of course, but with some shock, nevertheless, to the *genius loci*; whose ancient solitary reign is thus invaded by the rustle of petticoats, and the laughter of lively damsels.

It is probable, moreover, that with the changes which have taken place in the college system during the generation that has passed, undergraduates may have less to fear from the hasty and capricious judgments of the college authorities. These, I suppose, are no longer exactly what they used to be. As the influence of the university has revived; as it has come to be recognized that there is something in Oxford greater and more dignified than the college; as the rising tide of opinion has gradually crept under the college gates, and interfused itself with the old exclusive conception of collegiate life: so, I should suppose, has a man come to set less value on the collective judgment of the common room, although his loyalty for his own house and his respect for particular tutors may be just what they ever were. Again, if, as I suppose, every man is now measured by a standard in which literary excellence counts for more, and moral qualities for less, than they used to do, we have another reason why the misfortunes which I have attributed to S. and R. should be less frequent than of old. Thirdly, I suspect there is a much stronger Liberal and Democratic element in Oxford society than there used to be, and this must necessarily tell against men whose authority rested mainly on prescription, and on the strength which it derived from the general conservative *phos* of the

whole place. An undergraduate at the present day probably "doesn't care" for the opinions of the dons a quarter so much as he did thirty years ago; and would not, consequently, be in nearly so much danger of being demoralized by mistaken censure.

Lastly, there is the alteration in the status of the fellows themselves. A don in my day was only partially associated in the undergraduate mind with the ideas of education and learning. Each college was then a close, powerful, and wealthy corporation, doing what it liked with its own, repelling interference from without, and, perhaps it is hardly too much to say, a little university in itself. The members of this corporation, as long as they remained unmarried, and unbeneficed, held their fellowships for life, and were practically irremovable. A fellowship was a freehold; and the tenant of it was simply in the position of a small landed proprietor, rich in the possession of an income sufficient for all his wants, able to do exactly as he pleased, and much more independent than a duke with fifty thousand a year. Now between such a position as this and that of a salaried teacher, there is all the difference in the world. As work is more honorable than idleness, and learning than the want of it, so in some respects, of course, the rank of a lecturer or professor in a great university like Oxford, is more honorable than that of a simple college fellow who only amuses himself. But the position of a drone — I mean an independent drone — whose cell is his castle, if not honorable, is, to judge from the efforts which men make to attain it, decidedly enviable. And a man of this kind, representing the traditions and history of the college, and embodying in his own person all that made it powerful and independent, appealed much more strongly to the imagination than one who is obliged to work for his living. This a man could do anywhere. In Oxford and Cambridge alone were found these ancient immemorial nests of life-long leisure, the occupants of which succeeded each other like rooks in a rookery, where the tall elms tell of centuries of undisturbed repose and inviolate prescription. Individual birds were very often laughed at, it is true; but collectively they shared in the respect which was paid to the system as a whole; and helped to invest the idea of donship in general with attributes very different from the admiration and sympathy which we feel for a very clever set of schoolmasters, lecturers, and professors.

But what has done more, perhaps, than anything else to revolutionize the college system and the relation of the dons to the undergraduates, is the system of intercollegiate lectures, which largely withdraws the undergraduate from the cognizance and supervision of the fellows of his own college, and robs the lecture-room of what, in my time, was esteemed one-half of its value. Where six or eight colleges combine to have lectures in common, the undergraduates are allowed to choose their own subject, and their own teacher, and may go or stay away, as they please, a complete subversion of the old principle, according to which attendance at lecture was part of the college discipline. There is nothing to prevent an undergraduate at the present day, if he is known to be a reading man, from taking all his lectures out of college, if he likes the out-college tutors best; and all my contemporaries will see at a glance what an enormous gulf is interposed by this circumstance alone between the new Oxford and the old. The regimen, in fact, to which we were all accustomed when this century was still middle-aged, seems now to exist only for the idler class of undergraduates. For them chapel and lecture are what they ever were. But the genuine student is emancipated from most of these tests, and allowed to go his own way, and sit under his own Gamaliel. Thus, as far as the higher education is concerned, the congregational system has been substituted for the collegiate, and the rooms of popular tutors are beginning to be crowded now as they were in the Middle Ages. In some colleges I believe a roll-call has been substituted for chapel; the men being only required to rush down in a night-shirt and dressing-gown to have their name put down in hall, and then, if they like, to go to bed again.

Between the general method of study pursued by candidates for honors during the first half of the present century, and the system by which it has since been superseded, any adequate comparison would be foreign to the purpose of this article. Widely different views of them may be taken without overstepping the limits of reason, common sense, and liberality. Put antithetically, and therefore, of course, not exactly, the general opinion seems to be that the old system was more favorable to scholarship, and the new one to literature; the one to education, and the other to knowledge; that the one strengthened the digestion, while the other stimulates the appetite. At that rate, if

we could only combine the two the systems would be perfect. The present mode of study, as well as the arrangement of lectures, certainly seems, at first sight, the more consistent of the two with the idea of a university. Which of them turns out the men best qualified for the after struggles of life is another question. The university might say that is no concern of theirs, that they exist for a particular purpose, namely, the encouragement and diffusion of learning, and not for the sake of making successful lawyers, clergymen, or statesmen; others would retort that a single Peel, Gladstone, or Salisbury is of more value to the nation than a hundred Bentleys. Dr. Pusey said, in his evidence before the commissioners, that the object of the university was not to make scholars, but to make men. The late rector of Lincoln would probably have said that men could be made anywhere, but scholars could only be reared under special conditions such as were meant to be provided for them at Oxford and Cambridge. Many and various considerations must go to the solution of this question: What is the duty of the university to the nation, for whose benefit it was provided? She cannot be a slave to its prejudices, nor yet can she overlook its necessities. She must preserve intact the old classical standards of excellence, and the old springs of literature, and yet fulfil obligations which are, in a measure, unconnected with them. She must continue to be the priestess of form, and yet recognize the claims of utility. Again, I think, the world is not always very certain what it means by such terms as scholarship, scholars, science, philosophy, and so forth. The word "scholar" may be used either to mean one who is well instructed in the Greek and Latin languages, and can read and write them with facility and propriety; or it may be used in its older and wider sense as we use, or ought to use, "men of letters," to denote one who is a master of literature in general, and of the classical literature in particular. Now, if the new system at Oxford is better calculated than the old one to bear fruit of the latter kind, it cannot fairly be said to be unfavorable to scholarship. However, we are getting into deeper water than is suitable to our present purpose. If any of the readers of this review have been interested by the recollections and comparisons which Mr. Pycroft's book has suggested to myself, and which do not profess to go beyond the surface of things, I shall be perfectly contented.

T. E. KEBBEL.

From Good Words.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "NO NEW THING," "MY FRIEND JIM,"
"MADEMOISELLE MERSAC," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

ON the evening of his return to Duke Street Brian walked round to his club, where a number of letters, many of which had been forwarded from Beckton months before, were handed to him. The first that he opened was from the club secretary and contained a formal reminder that his subscription was overdue; the second was from Messrs. Berners, enclosing their little account for music published; two others were small bills which he had forgotten; then there were some business communications from the lawyers, and finally, a kindly, scolding letter from Mr. Potter himself, who wrote:—

"Where you are I cannot discover, and evidently your brother does not know, since the only address that he is able to give me is that of your club. Although he has not told me so, I gather that you are not in receipt of any allowance from him, and your own resources must have been exhausted long ago. Now, will you, my dear boy, do me the favor to remember that I was your father's friend, though he did try to quarrel with me sometimes, and will you, if these lines reach you, look in at the office some morning and talk your position over with me? It may be that you are earning a living for yourself, but I cannot think that likely, and I greatly fear that you are in want. You have no right to be in want when you own a property which would realize enough, if disposed of, to make you easy; and you ought not to consider yourself bound by a wish which your poor father certainly would not have expressed if he could have foreseen its effect upon you. Your brother, as you probably know, has been less scrupulous, with a good deal less excuse. I would wager a moderate sum that you haven't so much as given a thought to the expenses which attach to the mere possession of the Manor House. Your brother, I believe, has up to now paid the wages of the old couple who live in it, and I suppose the Beckton gardeners look after the grounds as formerly. In short, you have practically no choice but to sell the place, although I should not advise your doing so immediately, as, from what I hear, it is likely to increase rather than to diminish in value, owing to the extension of build-

ing which will shortly be taken in hand in its vicinity. Meanwhile I hope you will allow me to be your banker."

If Mr. Potter had known his correspondent a little better, he would assuredly have omitted that reference to Gilbert's disregard of the trust reposed in him. Brian read the words with the deepest indignation and shame, and the sensible counsel contained in the remainder of the letter was wholly thrown away upon him by reason of them. All his old resentment against his brother, which had cooled down to a great extent during the months that had elapsed since he had left home, blazed up again with redoubled force. It galled him to think that Gilbert was defraying expenses which, as the old lawyer had rightly surmised, he had failed to take into account; but he could only resolve that the debt should be paid off as soon as possible, and that the Manor House should never fall under the control of such a traitor while he had two arms to work with.

A pair of well-developed arms may, no doubt, be considered a serviceable possession, the only conditions necessary to render them so being, firstly, that they should have been trained to perform some special kind of work, and, secondly, that the said work should be provided for them. It was Brian's misfortune, not his fault, that his arms were of little use, except for organ-playing purposes, and that nobody at that particular moment appeared to want an organist. Luck often seems to fall to those who are already lucky and wealth to those who are already rich. It must be assumed that Brian's evil star was in the ascendant at this time, for he could get no bid for his services, modest as was the price that he placed upon them. His friend Phipps, too, as he learnt from the hall porter at the club, had gone to Italy, leaving the date of his return uncertain, so that the scores which had been prepared for his inspection had to be laid aside. Finally, Mr. Berners, while acknowledging with thanks the receipt of the amount due to him, regretted that he must report a complete failure in the sale of Mr. Segrave's charming and original compositions. He gave many reasons for this, which might have been found consolatory by some composers; but Brian, who wanted money and not reasons, found them a little beside the mark.

Poverty is not exactly a crime, but it is necessary, as we all know, to treat paupers very like criminals, in order to discourage

the others, and although Brian was not yet reduced to craving relief at the hands of the parochial authorities, a time came when he fared scarcely better than if he had been brought to that dismal strait. To remain in Duke Street was out of the question. He removed himself and his belongings one day to a little room in a side street in Westminster, where he had seen a ticket up, and where the tipsy, slatternly landlady was willing to let him live or die, as the case might be, without interference of any kind. There was a pawnbroker's shop hard by, whither he betook himself on the morning after his change of quarters, and whence he presently emerged, with a guilty, hang-dog air, leaving his watch behind him. As for food, he found, upon calculation, that he could exist for about a month by means of restricting himself to one meal a day, and even from that, which he partook of at a greasy eating-house, he generally rose feeling half famished. Every morning he sallied forth mechanically in search of employment, walking many miles to answer this or that advertisement, and every evening he returned, defeated and worn out in body and spirit. Once, hurrying down Pall Mall, he almost ran into the arms of Sir Hector Buckle, who came swinging out of the War Office with a red face and his umbrella over his shoulder. Brian instinctively lowered his head; but indeed he need not have felt alarmed, for by this time he was a very shabby and disreputable-looking young man, with a broken hat and holes in his boots—a young man whom no respectable person would have been likely to recognize. Sir Hector, who may have been having an unsatisfactory interview with the authorities, passed on, muttering, "Confound you, sir! why can't you look where you are going?" and for one moment poor Brian felt a desperate inclination to follow him. He was so desolate and wretched; the sound of a friendly voice would have been so welcome, and a five-pound note of such inestimable value! But he put the temptation away from him with a sort of shudder and hastened off, not daring to think too much about it.

Another, and in some ways a more painful encounter, was in store for him. One afternoon, when he was wearily crossing the road close to Buckingham Palace, on his return from the customary fruitless expedition, he was within an ace of being knocked down by a carriage which dashed through the iron gates that lead to the Mall. The coachman shouted angrily at

him; he sprang back, and the carriage swept past. A lady, beautifully dressed, who was seated in it, with her head in the air, threw a careless glance at him and then looked away. It was Beatrice Huntley. Of course she had not recognized him, and he did not for a moment imagine that she had; yet, somehow or other, her contemptuous indifference cut him to the heart. He stood gazing after her until the carriage disappeared, and then broke into a laugh which ended in something not unlike a sob. "What a fool I am!" he exclaimed aloud. "I am in love with a woman who would draw her skirts away if I passed too close to her on the pavement. She will fulfil her destiny, I suppose, and marry some great swell, and I shall fulfil mine by dying like a rat in a drain."

The truth was that he was suffering from a badly nourished body, and from a brain which consequently was out of gear. That he should die of hunger, or even allow himself to fall into the extremity of poverty, rather than break an engagement into which he had really never entered, was preposterous; and if his faculties had been unclouded, he must have seen that it was so. But he was incapable of reasoning, and indeed of thinking to any purpose. He had a dim notion that the sale of the Manor House was a subject upon which he must not suffer his mind to dwell. He would not call on Mr. Potter because he felt that he had no strength for argument; and so he plodded stupidly on, thinking that if there were any justice in heaven or on earth, some way out of his difficulties would eventually be provided for him.

One hardly knows whether it would be consolatory or the reverse to believe that only the unrighteous are driven to beg their bread. Either way, the theory would be a somewhat difficult one to maintain in the face of daily experiences. Brian Segrave's misfortunes, it may be conceded, were of his own creating; only, as he was honestly convinced that they were not, a day came at length when hope and faith alike deserted him and he found himself confronted by a temptation far worse than that to which he was so determined not to yield. He had always thought, as most people think, that suicide, apart from any question of morality, is a coward's remedy; he had believed, as probably most people believe, that under no imaginable circumstances would it occur to him to take his own life. But his present circumstances were such as had hitherto

been barely imaginable to him, and he was beginning to feel that they were also unendurable. A general who has staked the issue of a campaign upon a battle is almost expected to court death when he knows that he has lost that battle. At any rate, nobody thinks the worse of him for so doing; and though a distinction may be drawn between the bullet of the enemy and the bullet of your own revolver, the distinction is more obvious than the difference. Brian, having lost his battle and being thoroughly sick of life, took to wandering down towards Westminster Bridge after dark and watching the black flood of the river from the embankment as it swept seawards. It was a dangerous habit for a half-starved man to contract.

Yet, as matters fell out, that dangerous habit of his proved the saving of him. For one evening as he was leaning over the parapet, gazing down at the water and wondering how long it would take to drown, and whether he would be fool enough to strike out when he felt himself sinking, a certain parson, who was hastening homewards after holding a mission service on the south side of the river, caught sight of him and paused to see what the dejected-looking young man in the shabby clothes would do next. This parson had had a good many years' experience of London life and London misery; his practised eye could tell almost at a glance to which division of the great army of the destitute and despairing a given unit belonged, and he perceived, what Sir Hector Buckle and Miss Huntley had failed to perceive, that the figure with its back turned towards him was that of a gentleman in extremities.

Presently the subject of his scrutiny took off his hat and laid it down upon the parapet beside him. The gesture is said to be a significant one; it was, at all events, enough for the parson, who advanced at once and, gripping the other's shoulder, called out sharply,—

"Now, you sir, what are you about here?"

Brian wheeled round and saw, with as little surprise as one feels at impossible meetings in a dream, the man who of all others was most likely to be of service to him at this critical moment of his life.

"Monckton, old fellow," he said quietly, "I can't do it. I haven't the pluck or I haven't the cowardice—I don't know which it is."

Then a sudden dizziness overcame him; the ground seemed to be rising and falling; his sight grew dim, and for a time

he was delivered from his troubles quite as effectually as if he had been at the bottom of the Thames.

When he came to himself he was lying on his back on the floor of a chemist's shop; Monckton and a policeman were bending over him, and as he opened his eyes, the latter remarked,—

"He's all right, sir. Had a bit of a fit, that's all. Just what I told you."

"Excuse me, constable," broke in the chemist, a little bald-headed man in blue spectacles, "that was my view of the case, not yours. I said at once, 'This is a seizure, due to failure of the heart's action, which may have been brought about by a variety of causes.' *You* said drink. It is what members of the force invariably do say, and I must warn you that the assumption is a highly reprehensible one."

The chemist and the policeman had a little altercation over this, in the course of which Brian rose to his feet and was surprised to find that his legs would not support him. He dropped into a chair, and Monckton gave him some brandy and water; soon after which he found that he was being driven away in a cab, with his friend beside him.

"You are not to speak," Monckton said. "You are coming home with me, and when you have recovered yourself a little you can talk as much as you like. There's no hurry."

In truth, Brian had neither desire to speak nor power to think. He was only vaguely conscious of having been delivered from a great peril, and was willing to do as he was told by one in whom he had always placed implicit trust. But when he had been restored with some decently cooked food and a pint of champagne he felt another man and was able to give some account of himself. Monckton, who was well off, had a flat in Victoria Street, where he lived when in London, and which contained a spare bedroom. This he insisted that Brian should occupy, and indeed the latter would have been sent off to bed at once if he had not resisted.

"There's nothing the matter with me," he declared. "To speak plainly, I fainted from hunger as much as from anything else, and I'm as sound as possible again now, thanks to you. I'll tell you what; if you had such a thing as a tobacco-jar on the premises, you might let me have a pipe and a talk with you. I shan't sleep comfortably on any other terms."

So Monckton gave him what he wanted and listened to him while he told his tale. The two friends discoursed together until

the night was far advanced. Perhaps, as their conversation was of a strictly private nature, it may be as well not to intrude upon it. For the purposes of this narrative it is sufficient to say that Monckton had no difficulty in overcoming the obstinacy which had resisted Mr. Potter's appeal. We are all apt to sneer at those who make unconditional surrender of their private judgment to a fellow-creature; and yet that would be by far the wisest thing that most of us could do if only we were acquainted with a fellow-creature better and wiser than ourselves. It was Brian's good fortune to possess such an acquaintance, and his merit to be aware of it. With a good deal of what Monckton said to him he was able to agree, and in the rest he was able at least to acquiesce.

"The long and the short of it is then that the Manor House must go," he observed at length with a sigh.

"It seems to me that you will have to sell the place," answered Monckton. "It is a pity, of course, but you have a perfect right to part with it, and, indeed, for the matter of that, I think you would be wrong not to part with it."

Brian sighed again. "I don't believe I shall ever have the heart to go back to Kingscliff," he said. "I shouldn't so much mind about the land that Gilbert has sold, if it weren't for the treason of the thing—very well, then; I won't call him any more bad names. I say, I don't so much care about that; I always used to wish that the poor dear old governor himself could be persuaded to make a little money in the same way. But to think of the Manor House being razed to the ground and the abomination of Buswellism standing in its place! Oh, it's quite enough to think of it; I would rather remain in exile than look upon such a sight."

"It doesn't necessarily follow that the Manor House will have to be pulled down," Monckton remarked.

"Oh, yes, it does. When Gilbert wanted to buy it from me and offered me such a long price for it, I half suspected his intentions, and now I haven't a doubt about them."

"But you are not bound to sell the property to your brother."

"If I sold it to Buswell, the result would be the same, I suppose."

"No doubt; but there is the chance of your meeting with a purchaser who would keep the house as a residence. I think your best plan would be to instruct your lawyers to sell, but to explain that you

would take less from such a person than you would from Mr. Buswell or any other speculator."

Brian smiled and shook his head. "I'll do so, if you think it worth while; but it's only a thousand to one chance."

"Such as it is, you may as well allow yourself the benefit of it. Of course, you can't expect to be paid to-morrow, or next day; so you must let me supply you with pocket money in the mean time, and I hope you'll stay on here and keep me company as long as I am in London."

"Well," said Brian, "it's a relief at all events to think that I shall be able to pay you. You've been awfully good to me, Monckton. I wish I could do something for you in return."

"If you really want to do something to please me, you can let bygones be bygones and make friends with your brother again."

Brian nodded, but looked a little gloomy over it. "There has been no actual quarrel between us, you know," he observed. "I don't intend to hurl reproaches at him, but I can't say that I think he has behaved well either to me or to my father."

"No; you can't say that. I admit. But you can say nothing at all, and you can forgive. This evening you were not very far from committing a worse crime than your brother has been guilty of, and I suppose you fully expect to be pardoned for it."

"Is Gilbert to get off scot-free then?"

"Yes; so far as you are concerned. I want you to forgive him freely and to let it be as if he had never offended against you at all. Nothing short of that will satisfy your conscience, you'll find."

"Well, it's rather a pill, Monckton; but I'll try," answered Brian.

It did occur to him that his mentor's system would be a somewhat impossible one to carry out to its logical conclusion, and he was half tempted to ask him whether, if he were wrongfully dispossessed of property to which he had a good legal title, he would or would not bring an action against the trespasser; but he believed, as has been said, that his friend knew better than he did, and this belief restrained him from the utterance of captious objections. Whatever Monckton might have done in the above supposititious case, it will be admitted by most people that his advice to Brian was right and sound, and that the latter was wise in deciding to follow it. And so our hero went to bed, having passed through the darkest day of his life.

CHAPTER. XXV.

IN PARK LANE.

THE work of the world is for the most part done by people of whom nobody ever hears. The political machine and the social machine are under the ostensible control of personages who are well to the front; but these brilliant beings would be sorely perplexed and the machinery would soon come to a standstill but for such experienced, unambitious, and unobtrusive members of society as Sir Joseph Huntley. Sir Joseph had sat in Parliament for a matter of fifteen years and had perhaps addressed the House some twenty times in the course of that period. He was an invaluable man for committees; he had served on many royal commissions; whatever he had to do was always done thoroughly, if rather slowly; and he was considered to have strong claims upon his party. He was, however, extremely good-natured, by no means pushing, and entirely devoid of eloquence; and these, of course, were so many excellent reasons why his claims should be ignored.

In private life he enjoyed a certain popularity. Those who possess immense wealth, are given to hospitality, and are connected by marriage with the chief territorial families in the kingdom, must be afflicted with some singularly unpleasant personal qualities if they are to escape a certain popularity. Sir Joseph was not so afflicted; but when that much had been said for him there really was not a great deal more to say. During the winter the members of the local hunt saw him on an average once a week — a thick-set, middle-aged man, with a round, good-humored face, and short, reddish whiskers; a man who knew where most of the gates were, and was not above asking when his information was at fault. At the great shoots which took place periodically on his estate he was wont to be present with a walking-stick in his hand, and was content to applaud the prowess of others. The remainder of his time he spent in the congenial and entrancing study of blue-books. In London, when he was not at the House, or reading the newspapers at the Carlton, or taking his daily canter in Rotten Row, he was generally occupied in dodging his wife's guests. As he had a very large house, and as nobody particularly wanted to catch him, these manoeuvres were seldom unsuccessful. "How it has come to pass that Joseph is my brother, and that I am Joseph's sister, is one of those inexplicable mysteries in the

presence of which the brain reels," Miss Huntley would sometimes say.

Lady Clementina fully concurred. Lady Clementina thought it would be no bad thing if Beatrice were a little more like Joseph; and what Lady Clementina thought it was her custom to say. That, perhaps, was why her popularity was somewhat less than her husband's, although her notoriety was so much greater. She differed from Sir Joseph in that she was a decidedly ambitious woman; she resembled him in being hopelessly conventional and orderly in her ideas. Ambition and conventionality rarely pull well together, and Lady Clementina's aspirations, which were many, seldom managed to fulfil themselves. She aspired, amongst other things, to be a leader of society, but knew — and was deeply mortified by the knowledge — that she had never attained to that proud position. Her wish, in truth, was to lead at all times and in all places, and had she succeeded in doing so, her character would doubtless have been an amiable one; for she loved those who submitted to her ruling. But she did not and could not succeed, lacking the necessary qualifications for leadership. Her father, the old Duke of Devonport, who had not been a very rich man, had spent the last years of his life in comparative retirement, leaving the hospitalities of Devonport House to be dispensed by his son and his daughter-in-law, and inviting as few people as possible to stay with him in the country. Thus Lady Clementina had seen little of fashionable society in her youth, and when she had entered it, somewhat late in life, as the wife of Sir Joseph Huntley, had been unable to pick up its tricks of speech and manner. Also, being by nature busy and energetic, and having consorted almost exclusively with her inferiors, she had acquired patronizing and dictatorial ways which nobody liked and which not a few persons hated. She spent her husband's money liberally, and, upon the whole, judiciously. She entertained on a truly magnificent scale; her charities were numerous and regulated with due discrimination; she took a sincere and active interest in everybody's affairs, from those of her servants upwards. But her servants wished that she would leave them alone; her relations would never consent to meet her in private, if they could possibly avoid it; and though hosts of people dined and danced in her house all the season through, very few of them had a good word for her. Her attempt to set up a political *salon* failed ignominiously.

All this, together with the fact that she had no children, gave Lady Clementina's disposition a tinge of acerbity and disappointment, perceptible in the ring of her voice, in the movements of her tall, angular person, in the set of her rather thin lips, the restlessness of her faded blue eyes, and the two perpendicular lines which rose from the bridge of her hook nose to the fringe of yellowish-brown hair which concealed her forehead. With her sister-in-law she had never been able to get on at all. The girl, according to her view, was wilful, fanciful, and by no means as respectful as she should be. She had ideas of her own upon all sorts of subjects, propriety included; and the worst of it was that, being of age, she had it in her power to put them into practice. And a pretty beginning she had made by going off to a watering-place for the whole winter, with an ex-dancing-mistress for her companion! Nevertheless, Lady Clementina meant to be very kind to Beatrice; and just now it was her purpose to insure Beatrice's happiness as well as that of Lord Stapleford, a young cousin of her own, by arranging a marriage between the pair. Lord Stapleford wanted money rather badly, and if Beatrice did not want a home and an indulgent husband, the more shame for her; because assuredly she ought to want both.

On the evening of Miss Huntley's arrival in Park Lane she had to listen to a lengthy harangue, delivered in Lady Clementina's high-pitched, slightly querulous voice, and constructed with that careful attention to detail which had rendered her ladyship the terror of the charity committees, mothers' meetings, and other assemblages, where she presided over the deliberations of her sex. Beatrice submitted to be lectured, answered to the best of her power the thousand and one questions put to her about her manner of life at Kingscliff and the acquaintances that she had formed there, and, at the expiration of an hour, candidly avowed her motive for displaying a meekness which could hardly be accounted as one of her natural attributes.

"I knew all this would have to come sooner or later," she remarked, "so I thought I would take it in the lump. May I be permitted to observe that you require a very long time to say a very simple thing, Clementina? When your homily is boiled down and the essence of it is extracted, it seems to amount to nothing more nor less than, 'Keep your eye on

your sister-in-law, and your sister-in-law will pull you through.'"

"I suppose," said Lady Clementina, "that that is a quotation from some refined source or other which my ignorance prevents me from recognizing. I dare say it expresses what I mean quite accurately enough for the purpose. I certainly do think that you would be wiser to place yourself at least nominally under my care until you marry, and I certainly do not think that it is advisable for a girl of your age to go rushing about the country with a superannuated ballet-dancer by way of a chaperon."

"Nothing could be truer or more prettily put," answered Beatrice. "Of course I have been rushing about the country for the last six months, not living at a quiet little west-country watering-place, as some of my friends supposed; and it is notorious that Miss Joy was the star of the ballet until she was driven to seek other employment by the weight of years. Clementina, do you propose to go on like this? You can, if you like; only, if you do, you will drive me away. Whether that would be a misfortune for either of us I am not quite sure; but I will admit that I don't want to be driven away. I want to enjoy my season and to go about a good deal, and I am quite aware that I can't do that without your support. All the same, I would rather sacrifice my prospect of amusement than be bullied."

"You are very peremptory," said Lady Clementina. "Your brother and I wish you to enjoy yourself, and I shall be most happy to take you about; but really I cannot promise to act as your chaperon and at the same time to abstain from uttering a word of disapproval if you behave foolishly, as I am afraid you are very likely to do. That would be rather too one-sided a bargain."

"No doubt it would," agreed Beatrice, with an air of conviction. "It isn't as if you had any private ends to serve by saddling yourself with me; nothing but your kindness of heart induces you to undertake such a troublesome job, and when I commit the acts of folly that you anticipate I must try to accept rebuke in a becoming spirit. Only don't traduce Miss Joy again, please, because that I will not stand."

Lady Clementina gave a sort of snort, but made no articulate rejoinder. She was not afraid of her sister-in-law, because, to do her justice, she was afraid of nobody; but, not wishing to mar poor young

Stapleford's prospects, she mentally resolved to say no more about Miss Joy. As that lady had gone to stay with some distant relations, upon an indefinite leave of absence, and might very likely never be heard of again, it was comparatively easy to be generous to her.

It must be a pleasant thing to be young and beautiful and an heiress. The situation — as those who are neither young nor beautiful nor heiresses are fond of reminding us — has its drawbacks; but an impartial observer must admit that these are outweighed by its advantages. Beatrice Huntley, whose spirits were subject to frequent fluctuations, and who could not be described as an altogether happy person, had come to London bent upon enjoying to the full such pleasures as circumstances had placed within her reach; and she faithfully carried out her programme. It was not her first season; but it was the first in which she had been conscious of complete independence, and that gave it something of the charm of novelty. It is needless to say that admirers, old and new, speedily gathered about her like flies about a jar of honey, their impatient buzzings affording her no little amusement. She was full of engagements of every sort and kind; she had an unlimited supply of the most lovely frocks that money could buy; she never found a spare five minutes in which to sit down and read or think; and when she reached home in the grey dawn she was so tired that she fell asleep the instant after her head had touched the pillow. At the age of twenty-one a life of that kind is exciting and entertaining, however unprofitable it may be. Beatrice found it so; indeed there were moments when she thought that she could never be really satisfied with any other kind of life, and that the lot of a woman of fashion was, after all, that for which she was best fitted.

When in this mood she looked with not unkindly eyes upon Lord Stapleford, a grown-up Eton boy, who had excellent health, an excellent temper, a great love for all sports and pastimes, and quite a fair average allowance of brains. People who have more than the average allowance of brains are not always pleasant people, and it is said that they are seldom pleasant husbands. Lord Stapleford in any conceivable capacity was sure to be pleasant. He belonged to that class of Englishmen whom we are accustomed to consider as typical of our race, although, perhaps, the assumption would hardly bear a statistical test; he was not a hand-

some young man, having too square a face, too large a mouth, and a snub nose; but his complexion was clear, his shoulders were broad, and he always presented a clean, healthy, and smart appearance, which was agreeable to the eye. He chose to declare that Miss Huntley was his cousin, called her by her Christian name, soon became intimate with her, and did not persecute her with nearly such marked attentions as did certain other frequenters of the house in Park Lane. At a later period his demeanor underwent a change; but that was because he subsequently did what he had never intended to do, and fell over head and ears in love with the beautiful heiress. In the beginning of the season he was heart-whole, and consequently exhibited himself at his best.

"How I wish I were you!" Miss Huntley exclaimed involuntarily one afternoon, when he was sitting opposite to her in her brother's library, with his elbows on his knees and the contented smile upon his lips which was as much a part of his customary equipment as the bouquet in his buttonhole.

"Wish you were me!" he repeated. "Why, in the name of goodness, should you wish that?"

"Well, for one thing, because you look as if you hadn't a care in the world," she answered.

"Oh, haven't I just got cares, though!" retorted Lord Stapleford. "That's all you know about it. Now if I were to say that I should like to change places with you, for instance —"

"But you couldn't say such a thing without palpable insincerity," interrupted Beatrice; "there never yet lived the man who wanted to be a woman. What are these heavy cares of yours, if one may ask?"

The young fellow laughed and made a gesture to simulate the turning of his pockets inside out. "A chronic deficit," he answered, "is the source of them all. I wonder what it feels like to be able to buy everything that one wants!"

"I don't know; the things that one wants are seldom in the market. Wealth is a very overrated possession."

"So rich people are always saying, and disgustingly ungrateful it is of them. If they don't appreciate what they have got, it ought to be taken away from them and given to others who would. There's no doubt that money is terribly thrown away upon some of them. Upon our friend Sir Joseph, for one. With two or three thousand a year he would be as happy as

possible. Clementina is different; Clementina is expensive, though discontented."

Lady Clementina, who, with a visiting-book at her elbow, was busily writing cards of invitation at the other end of the room, looked round for an instant to say, "Don't be impertinent."

"Now, Clem," retorted Lord Stapleford (never would it have entered into the head of any other living being to address her ladyship by that diminutive; but Stapleford was a great favorite with her and privileged to take liberties), "you give your mind to your work, or you'll be getting into trouble again, as you did the other day, when you forgot all the V's and W's. Why don't you keep a secretary or a companion or somebody to do these things for you?"

"Just because a secretary or companion would always be getting me into trouble," answered Lady Clementina. "It was Beatrice, not I, who made the mistake that you speak of; and it will be a long time before I ask her to help me again."

She resumed her task of addressing envelopes and tossing them into a basket; and Lord Stapleford, reverting presently to his subject, was beginning, "If I had a trifle of seventy or eighty thousand a year, the first thing that I should do would be to hire a man to perform all my duties for me," when the butler came in and delivered a card to Beatrice, who, after examining it, inquired, "Have you shown him into my room?"

On receiving an affirmative reply, she rose and said, "Well, I am afraid I must tear myself away. We shall meet somewhere to-night, I suppose."

"I say, Clem," called out Lord Stapleford, "do you approve of this sort of thing? Here's some cheeky beggar demanding a private audience of Beatrice — and getting it too!"

"My approval," answered Lady Clementina, "depends entirely upon who the beggar may be. Not that Beatrice pays much attention to my approval."

"He isn't a beggar at all," said Beatrice; "he is a country parson, vowed to celibacy. He wouldn't interest either of you; but he does happen to interest me, so I shall keep him to myself." And without further explanation, she withdrew.

Sir Joseph, in the kindness of his heart and the prudence of his mind, had caused a bright little sitting-room, overlooking the Park, to be furnished and set apart for his sister's use, having with some little difficulty obtained Lady Clementina's consent to an arrangement which offered

obvious advantages. It was here that Beatrice found Monckton gazing abstractedly out of the window, his hands, which were clasped behind his back, holding his shapeless felt hat, his trousers turned up, and a pair of thick boots upon his feet, just as if he had been still at Kingscliff. That very unfashionable figure, standing beside a table littered with invitation cards, and intervening between her and the unceasing stream of carriages outside, struck her with a sense of incongruity which, however, by no means lessened the warmth of her welcome.

"It seems so odd to see you here!" she exclaimed. "But I am more than glad to see you, and it is very good of you to have come."

"To tell you the truth, I have come on a matter of business," said Monckton.

"You needn't have been in such a desperate hurry to tell me that you haven't come for the pleasure of seeing me."

"I didn't mean it in that way," Monckton answered, smiling; "I only felt that I ought to offer some apology for claiming a few minutes of your time. You are very busy in the pursuit of pleasure, aren't you?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "It's the only thing to be done."

"Do you really think so? And has the chase been successful, so far?"

"I really think that half measures are a mistake; and as for success, I may say that I have had as much as was possible. You are not going to moralize about Dead Sea fruit, I hope. That has been said so many, many times, and you are much too wise to believe that anybody ever listens to such tales until the dust and ashes have become palpable."

"It is the misfortune of a great many truths to be truisms," remarked Monckton; "but I think you will admit that I don't often preach out of the pulpit, and if I did, I shouldn't attempt it with you. You will have, as you say, to get your own experience, and as soon as I have stated my errand, I will leave you to proceed with it."

"You will have a cup of tea first, at all events. You are looking very pale and fagged, do you know? Is it exciting or depressing to conduct a mission? — or a little of both, perhaps, like a London season? What a funny epoch we live in, with our missions and revivals and Salvation Armies and peculiar social developments! A dispassionate observer from another planet would think we were all running away from something, wouldn't he? And

"I wonder what he would think we were running away from?"

"You are rather unjust," observed Monckton.

"Of course I am; what else can you expect? You are a standing rebuke to me, and I defend myself as best I can—which isn't very well. Such a lot of good resolutions made down there at Kingscliff, away from all this hubbub, and not one of them kept! Well, we won't talk about it. What is the matter of business that you spoke of? If it's anything that I can do for you I'll do it, though it should be the reclaiming of the inhabitants of a back slum."

"How would you set about doing that, Miss Huntley? No; it is a simpler matter, and I am not particularly sanguine about it. I only happened to remember a word or two that you said to me just before you left Kingscliff, and I thought it might be worth while to let you know that the Manor House is for sale."

"You don't mean to say so!" exclaimed Beatrice. "This is most interesting—and most fortunate. Of course I will buy it. Ought I to telegraph? Is there any fear of my being forestalled? Has he offered it to his brother?"

"I think you will be in ample time if you write to the lawyers to-morrow and open negotiations; but no doubt you will have competitors as soon as it is known that the place is in the market. Probably you will like to hear the price before coming to a decision."

"Oh, bother the price! It won't be more than £20,000, I suppose?"

"Well, no," answered Monckton, laughing; "we may safely assume that it won't reach that figure."

"Then the Manor House is mine. Now tell me, what has made him resolve to sell the place so suddenly? I dare say I can answer that question for myself, though. Poor fellow! Will he have any objection to me as a purchaser, do you suppose?"

Monckton did not reply immediately. The secret of Brian's hopeless attachment had been imparted to him with the rest of that luckless young man's troubles, and he felt pretty sure that it was an open secret to Beatrice.

"Brian could have no objection to you as a *bona fide* purchaser," he said at length; "but I fancy that he would object rather strongly to your buying an estate that you didn't want, in order to help him out of his difficulties. I hope he won't take it into his head that that is the case."

The effect of this gentle caution was not quite what Monckton had anticipated. Miss Huntley drew herself up, frowned, and rejoined coldly,—

"I really do not know what should lead him to imagine anything so ridiculous. I like Mr. Brian Segrave very much; but I am hardly intimate enough with him to commit the impertinence of offering him a present of £20,000 or £10,000, or whatever it may be."

"I beg your pardon," said Monckton, a little disconcerted. "I have good reasons for knowing that you are generous and impulsive, and it occurred to me that your fancy to buy the Manor House might be only another piece of impulsive generosity. I don't know that any such notion will occur to Brian."

"Well, I trust not," Beatrice answered, smiling again. "Nothing is more disagreeable than to be suspected of quixotry upon insufficient grounds. Besides, I am not best pleased with your friend at the present moment. He might have given himself the trouble to call upon me, I think."

Monckton, being doubtful whether Brian would like the straits to which he had been reduced to be made known to Miss Huntley, merely observed that an organist who had daily avocations at Streatham could hardly be expected to find time for calling in Park Lane. "However," he added, "Brian has left Streatham now, and, if you like, I will tell him that you wish him to call."

"Oh, pray don't let him consider himself bound in any way," she returned. "The chances are that he wouldn't find me at home if he did call."

"I don't think," hazarded Monckton, as he rose to depart, "that I shall advise him to call."

Beatrice colored very slightly, but looked her visitor full in the face and scarcely affected to misunderstand his meaning.

"As you please," she answered briefly. "Shall I see you again before you leave London?"

Monckton answered that he would come again if he could manage it; and as soon as he had left her Miss Huntley remarked aloud,—

"It would do that dear good Mr. Monckton no harm to be just a little bit more of a man of the world. It isn't everybody who would like to be accused in so many words of having fallen in love with his *protégé*."

CHAPTER XXVI.

BRIAN'S LUCK TURNS.

MONCKTON walked away from Park Lane, as unconscious of having suggested the idea alluded to by Miss Huntley in her soliloquy as he was innocent of entertaining it. He certainly did not think that Miss Huntley was enamoured of Brian Segrave, or that there was the least probability of her ever becoming so; but he did think that, if the young man paid his respects to her, she would be unable to help flirting, or seeming to flirt, with him. For that he did not incline to blame her very severely. He was more of a man of the world — more, at any rate, of a student of human nature — than she gave him credit for being, and he knew that young women, as well as young men, pass through a period of life during which it may be expected that they, too, after their fashion, will sow their wild oats. They do not, as a rule, mean much harm, nor, in truth, do they often do much; still it will occasionally happen that they come across an exceptional member of the opposite sex and break that exceptional person's heart. Monckton deemed it inexpedient to tell Brian that Miss Huntley had intimated a wish to see him; he even went a step farther and decided that he would say nothing about her intention of purchasing the Manor House property. She was a little bit too capricious to be counted upon; she might change her mind; it was extremely probable that her relations would use their endeavors to make her do so, and it was as well to avoid premature announcements which might only pave the way for disappointment.

Therefore he kept his own counsel, though much tempted by Brian's pale face and preoccupied mien to violate it, and did not even mention that he himself had been in Park Lane that afternoon. And on the following day he was removed from temptation's way by an urgent appeal from his second in command at St. Michael's. Monckton, though an admirable organizer, had the defect which is common to so many admirable organizers, of making himself too exclusively the mainspring of his work. When he took a holiday of ten days or a fortnight, parochial arrangements were pretty sure to fall out of gear. They had fallen out of gear now, and as the mission upon which he had been engaged in London was at an end, he felt bound to return home forthwith and resume the reins of government. But he persuaded

Brian to remain on in Victoria Street without him.

"You will do me a real service by keeping the rooms aired," he declared. "Let me hear from you when you have struck your bargain. I hope it will be a good one."

"It's pretty sure to be that," Brian answered with a sigh. "Old Potter has written to me quite enthusiastically about it, praising you up to the skies for having 'restored me to sanity,' as he calls it, and promising to do his very best for me. He is evidently in high glee at the prospect of playing off Buswell against Gilbert, and is only afraid of my closing with the first offer that comes to hand. He wants to know why I should care whether the house remains standing or not after it has passed out of my possession. It wouldn't be very easy to explain a wish of that kind to a hardheaded lawyer, would it? However, there isn't the shadow of a chance that my wish will be fulfilled; so it doesn't much matter."

Being thus wisely resigned to what appeared to be inevitable, Brian anticipated no particularly delightful news from Mr. Potter, who called upon him in person a few days after this, and whose countenance, as he entered, was beaming with the double satisfaction which an honest man feels in having served a friend and a lawyer in having done a smart stroke of business.

"Well, young man," said he, "I congratulate you upon your choice of friends; Mr. Monckton seems to be possessed of common sense. To be sure, I might say as much for myself; but then you don't choose to treat me as a friend — won't even answer when I write to you! Well, I forgive you; and what's more to the purpose, I believe I've sold your property for you. Subject to your approval, that is."

"Ah!" said Brian, drawing in his breath, "and who is the purchaser? Gilbert or Mr. Buswell?"

"Now, isn't that just like you! My good fellow, the first question to ask is what is the price offered."

"I don't so much care about that," said Brian.

Mr. Potter raised his hands and turned up the whites of his eyes. "He don't so much care about that! And this is a fellow who has been made acquainted with poverty, mind you!"

"Exactly; that's why I don't mind. I can live upon a very small income."

"Can you, indeed? I should have

thought differently; but I am glad to hear that it is so, for your income won't be a large one. You can't call £550 a year a large income."

"Five hundred and fifty a year!" repeated Brian in amazement.

"Well, yes; I take it that that, or perhaps a trifle more, would be about the figure, at four per cent.; and it's best to be contented with four per cent. in these days. You see, you must deduct something for expenses from the £15,000 which I hope to obtain for you."

"My dear Mr. Potter, you can't mean to tell me that anybody has offered £15,000 for the Manor House!"

"Why not? It is a fair price. I will even go so far as to say that it is a good one; but when Hemmings and Hawkins, in writing to us upon the subject, thought fit to make use of the expression 'exorbitant,' we replied at once that they mistook the people with whom they had to deal, that if their client was dissatisfied with our terms she was in no way compelled to agree to them, but that it would be quite useless to attempt to beat us down. In fact, I could see plainly enough that their client had given them *carte blanche*."

"Who is their client?" inquired Brian eagerly.

"One Miss Huntley, a daughter of old Joe Huntley the contractor; you must have seen her down at Kingscliff last year. I mentioned that you were particularly anxious to sell the Manor House to somebody who would use it as a residence, and the answer that I received was that such was Miss Huntley's present intention, but that she could not bind herself with regard to the future. That was as much as any one could say; because, of course, you have no power to exact conditions."

At the sound of Miss Huntley's name Brian's heart gave a great leap, and it must be confessed that for a moment he did entertain the surmise which Monckton had been so promptly snubbed for putting forward. "I hope to goodness you said nothing about my being hard up!" he exclaimed.

"Naturally I did," returned Mr. Potter sarcastically. "I stated that you wanted £15,000; but that so pressing was your need of money that you would accept £5,000 rather than lose a chance of selling. You evidently take me for a congenital idiot, and I ought to feel much flattered by your condescending to employ me, under the circumstances."

Brian laughed. "It is I who am the idiot," said he; "but really you have

rather taken my breath away. I had no conception that I was the owner of such a valuable property. Since I can't keep it myself, I am delighted that it is to go to Miss Huntley. I would sooner she had it than anybody else, and I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Potter, for doing so well for me."

Mr. Potter rubbed his hands. "I think," he observed modestly, "that we have done pretty well. Possibly you might have got more by waiting a year or so; but that would hardly have suited you; and, taking into consideration your wish that the purchaser should have no connection with the building interest, I think, as I say, that we have done pretty well. Mr. Buswell, I fear, will be disappointed when he hears of the transaction."

"Yes," agreed Brian meditatively; "and so, perhaps, will my brother."

A smile of subdued but intense satisfaction overspread Mr. Potter's features. "And so, perhaps, will your brother. It is a pity that he was not first in the field, and I should not be surprised to find that he was rather annoyed with me for not offering him the refusal; but then, as I shall point out to him, it was my bounden duty to forward your interests and carry out your instructions from the moment that you did me the honor to place your affairs in my hands. I may take it, then, that you authorize me to come to terms with Hemmings and Hawkins? The lady, it seems, is in rather a hurry."

Brian gave the required authority without any hesitation. His characteristic indifference with regard to money matters prevented him from entering the protest which Mr. Potter had secretly feared, for indeed £15,000 was the outside value of the Manor House estate, and it was certain that the purchaser, if she intended to reside there, would have to expend a considerable sum on repairs. But Brian did not trouble his head about that. What interested him far more, and engrossed his thoughts for a long time after Mr. Potter had left him, was the question of whether he should or should not call upon the lady with whom he was about to drive so hard a bargain. She had unquestionably given him permission to do so, and there seemed to be no good reason why he should not avail himself thereof; but he had become so accustomed to the idea of her being utterly and forever beyond his reach that he had some difficulty in overcoming it. Possibly, too, he may have half consciously dreaded lest, by renewing acquaintance with her, he should lay up

for himself memories less agreeable than those upon which his love now subsisted. But a debate of that kind could only have one issue, as Brian himself must have been aware; for at last he broke into a subdued laugh, muttering, "As if anything on earth, except the lack of a decent suit of clothes, could keep me away from her!"

The barrier referred to had now been removed, thanks to Monckton's insistence, and although it was too late to call on Miss Huntley that day, Brian was able to go and dine at his club, a thing which he would not have ventured to do without a renewal of his wardrobe. It seemed as if the tide of his fortunes, after ebbing for so long, had now turned in earnest; for the first person whom he saw on entering the club was little Tommy Phipps, and Phipps, instead of instantly taking flight, came forward in the most cordial manner and shook him by the hand, exclaiming, "So here you are at last, Segrave! I have been seeking you high and low for an age—at least, I should have been seeking you if I had had the faintest notion of where to seek. I wonder whether you recollect a suggestion I made to you last winter about an opera of which you were to provide the music and I the words."

"I recollect it so well," answered Brian, "that I have composed a lot of airs which I thought might be suitable for it, and which I meant to show you long ago, only I couldn't get hold of you."

"Oh, well, I've been abroad, you know," the other observed with a passing twinge of compunction. "I am very glad to hear that you haven't dropped the idea. What are you doing to-night? Could you dine with me and discuss matters?"

Brian answered that he could and would, with great pleasure; and shortly afterwards he was favored with an outline of the drama whereby Mr. Phipps hoped to add fresh laurels to those which already adorned his brow.

"I must tell you, Segrave," the latter premised, "that I am not a mere librettist. If I were, I should only be called upon to supply a certain amount of doggerel to suit your composition, and I couldn't reasonably ask for half profits, which is the arrangement that I propose to make with you. This work, if it ever comes to anything, will be as much mine as yours. The music, I don't doubt, will be first-rate; but the dialogue and the situations which I shall contribute won't be altogether bad, I trust. My belief is that the public nowadays is not a bit more willing to tolerate rubbish set to good music than bad music

combined with a good play; and, for my part, I think the public is right. I don't know whether you agree with me."

Brian having nodded assent, the dramatist continued: "I'll just give you an idea of the kind of thing I have in my mind. I should name it, I think, 'The King's Veto,' and the plot would be something like this: the tenor would be the king—call him Conrad, king of Democratia, if you like—who suddenly and quite unexpectedly finds himself a reigning sovereign, owing to the death of his cousin, who has been drowned in the royal yacht, together with the heir apparent and the rest of his family. Conrad had been upon the point of contracting a morganatic marriage with the soprano, Phyllis, a charming young person, but not of royal blood. Of course his accession to the throne puts this arrangement, which had been sanctioned by the late king, out of the question, and the first thing that his ministers tell him is that he must not only give up all thought of it, but ally himself as speedily as possible with his distant kinswoman, the princess Octavia (contralto), lest the dynasty should become extinct. Now, at this time Democratia is in the throes of a constitutional crisis, the advanced party having brought in a measure for the extension of the suffrage to—to—well, say to the criminal classes and lunatics, and having carried their bill by a large majority, Conrad, who cares very little whether all his subjects or only nine-tenths of them have votes, but who cares a great deal about Phyllis, inquires into his constitutional powers and is delighted to find that he possesses a right of veto. He immediately informs the ministry that unless he is allowed to marry the girl of his heart, he shall exercise it. They assure him that the right of veto is never exercised and that he daren't do such a thing; and he proves the contrary to them. Whereupon they resign, and the other side takes office. The other side, after due reflection, decides that the extension of the franchise ought not any longer to be made a party question and re-introduces the same bill, with the same result. This, you will perceive, brings Democratia pretty near to a revolution, and we shall have an animated debate in the Chamber upon the question of whether it is or is not competent for Parliament to abolish the king's veto."

"Won't that approach burlesque?" suggested Brian.

"Not if we have proper costumes. I admit that it wouldn't do to put on the

stage an assembly in trousers and frock-coats; but sixteenth-century attire will make it all right, and the scene will give you a good opportunity for choruses. Besides, you will have plenty of pathos by-and-by. The villain (and baritone) will be Prince Otho, a connection of the royal house, who has designs upon the throne, and who naturally eggs Conrad on. Then there will be a Socialist plot for the assassination of the king and establishment of a republic, and Otho will mix himself up in it, meaning to use the conspirators for his own purposes and get rid of them afterwards. Now, I'm sure you see what can be done with these materials — Phyllis, perceiving her lover's danger and determined to renounce him rather than let him sacrifice himself for her; the ministers, in a mortal funk lest anarchy should supervene and their occupation be gone, surrounding their beloved sovereign with detectives and guards, and Otho carrying on his schemes with every prospect of success. You could bring in a most affecting *aria* and *duo* where Phyllis takes leave of Conrad — 'Bid me not stay! — Lovers to-day — Part but to meet when life passes away' — that sort of thing, you know, and then the usual rumty-tumty about sever and never and forever — I think it might be made to go with a very pretty swing. For the *finale* we should have a masked ball at the palace — obviously the conspirators' only chance. Phyllis, who has joined them for certain reasons, engages to lead the king out into the gardens, where the charge of dynamite is to be placed, declaring herself ready to lay down her life for the sake of her country — an offer which they are only too happy to accept. That makes things quite simple for her. All she has to do is to persuade Otho to assume a domino exactly resembling his Majesty's, draw him aside upon some pretext, and so keep her word by dying for her country, because, from the moment that both she and Otho are removed, Conrad's throne will be safe. The dynamite, of course, hangs fire; the assassin in charge of it, seeing that he has failed, rushes forth and stabs Otho to the heart. Then follows the discovery of the plot, the recognition of Phyllis's heroism, and her elevation to the rank of queen consort by the unanimous consent of a grateful people. That's only a rough draft; I shall improve upon it when I come to work out the details; but I think it gives ample scope to the musician, don't you?"

Brian nodded. The skeleton of Phipps's drama seemed to him to be promising; and as the evening went on and his companion, who was in a communicative mood, told him something of the profits earned by popular playwrights, he became more and more sanguine, inwardly laying the foundations of various airy castles. He did not know a great deal about the woman whom he adored; but he had a strong impression that success of any kind would appeal powerfully to her; already, in prophetic fancy, he "saw the bright eyes of the dear one discover she thought that he was not unworthy to love her." It was perhaps neither surprising nor inexcusable that he should have forgotten for a time the social gulf which yawned between him and a lady of Beatrice Huntley's wealth and celebrity; anyhow, he was not suffered to forget it long. For between eleven and twelve o'clock there strolled into the smoking-room of the club a fair-haired young man in evening dress, who, on espying Phipps, called out, "Hullo, Tommy! how are you getting on? Been writing any more plays lately?"

And while Brian was thinking that the features of the newcomer were not altogether unfamiliar to him, Phipps responded, —

"My dear fellow, I'm going to write something that will make you applaud with all your hands and feet — a joint affair this time. By the way, let me introduce you to my friend and future colleague, Mr. Segrave. Lord Stapleford, Mr. Segrave."

"Not my old friend Segrave major?" said Stapleford. "By Jove! it is though. Don't you remember me, Segrave?"

"To be sure I do," answered Brian, who, indeed, had been in the same division with Stapleford at Eton. "I was sure I knew you, only I couldn't put a name to you."

A short conversation over bygone days followed, and then Stapleford said, —

"I wonder whether you have anything to do with a certain Segrave from whom my cousin Beatrice has just bought a house somewhere down in the west."

"I have sold, or rather I believe I am about to sell, the only house that I possess to Miss Huntley," Brian replied. "I didn't know she was your cousin."

"Of course she's my cousin. At least, her sister-in-law is, which is much the same thing; and a nice rage her sister-in-law is in with her for buying your house, by that same token. What she's doing it

for, goodness only knows! She swears she means to spend the winters there in future, but I hope she don't mean it."

Phipps chuckled. "That sort of winter quarters wouldn't exactly suit you, eh?"

"Good heavens! no," Stapleford replied unguardedly. "Why, there's no decent hunting to be had within a hundred miles of the place!"

"After that incidental admission," laughed Phipps, nudging Brian with his elbow, "I presume we may offer our respectful congratulations. When does the event come off?"

This innocent allusion to an engagement which everybody had been speaking of as imminent for weeks past was not very well received. Stapleford looked annoyed for a moment; then, assuming an air of stony unconsciousness, replied, "I don't know what you mean," while Brian started up hurriedly, and said in a somewhat husky voice that he must be off.

There is no such thing as being prepared for a shock. The blow, when it comes, is not the less stunning in its effects because it has been foreseen; and Brian, who, ever since his departure from Kingscliff, had been telling himself at intervals that Beatrice would certainly marry before long, stumbled out into the street with a sickening conviction that all the musical and dramatic triumphs which the world could offer would be of no solace to him now. He had not heard Stapleford's disclaimer, and if he had heard it, would not have believed in it.

"What a consummate fool I must be!" he ejaculated. "To think that I have been nursing a remnant of hope all this time!"

Possibly he may have been a fool; but if all those who cherish hope unconsciously be fools, then without doubt he had something like the entire human race for his associates.

CHAPTER XXVII.

GILBERT SEES BREAKERS AHEAD.

GILBERT SEGRAVE was as good a landlord as his father had been before him. Agriculture had not the charm for him which it had had for the old man; but he was not a whit less interested in the improvement of his property; and as he now had command of more ready money than Sir Brian had ever possessed, he was able by judicious expenditure to avoid that reduction of rents which was beginning to press heavily upon some of his neighbors.

Judicious expenditure is a very different thing from loss, and it caused Gilbert's tenants to regard him with friendship and approval. He was anxious, for many reasons, that they should so regard him. Among other things, he wanted them to vote for him when the time should come; and he believed that they would vote for him, in spite of Tory leanings and some distrust of the newly enfranchised laborers.

One morning as he was walking homewards, after sanctioning, against the judgment of his bailiff, some drainage works which a farmer had asked him to take in hand, he was surprised to see a stout little old gentleman in black broadcloth and a tall hat trotting up the avenue. Mr. Potter had not visited Beckton since the day of Sir Brian's funeral, nor had it ever been his custom to do so without previous warning. He explained himself, after shaking hands with Gilbert and accepting the latter's invitation to luncheon.

"There are one or two trifling matters to which I wish to call your attention," said he, "and, being here, I thought I might as well communicate with you by word of mouth."

It was not until the matters referred to, as well as an excellent luncheon, had been disposed of that Gilbert asked, —

"And what has brought you to Kingscliff, Mr. Potter, if it isn't an impertinent question? Not pleasure, I'm quite sure; and I thought we were your only clients in these parts?"

"So you are — so you are," answered the old lawyer, sipping his wine. "What good claret this is! The days of good claret are nearly over now, more's the pity. Yes; I have no clients hereabouts but yourselves — you and your brother."

"My brother!" echoed Gilbert, lifting his eyebrows and smiling. Then as a sudden light broke in upon him, "Oh, I see! he has made up his mind to sell the Manor House at last. Much the wisest thing that he could do, in my opinion."

Mr. Potter closed his eyes and nodded. "I quite agree with you; it is what I have advised all along. And I am sure you will be glad to hear," he added, looking up abruptly, "that he has got a capital price for the place too."

Gilbert colored with annoyance. He quite understood Mr. Potter's malignant satisfaction and thought to himself, "You old wretch! you came here on purpose to triumph over me."

But the thrust had been delivered too

suddenly to be successfully parried, and he could not refrain from saying, —

"I think I ought to have been told that the place was for sale. Both you and Brian must have known that I was anxious to buy it, and in all probability I should have been ready to offer as good a price as Mr. Buswell."

"Ah," observed Mr. Potter placidly, "I was afraid you would be vexed that the property should have slipped through your fingers; still, in these cases, one must stick to the rule of first come, first served; and really, as your legal adviser, I don't know that I could have recommended you to give quite as much as Miss Huntley has done. By the way, Miss Huntley is the purchaser, not Mr. Buswell."

"Miss Huntley!" ejaculated Gilbert, to whom this announcement was not less surprising and scarcely less unwelcome than the preceding one; "what in the world does she want with the Manor House?"

"I can't say; I don't know the lady. Hemmings and Hawkins, who conveyed her offer to me, state that she proposes passing a part of every year there; but as she is rich, young, and also, I am told, handsome, her plans may be looked upon as liable to modifications. Of course she will always be able to sell, though whether at a loss or a profit will depend upon circumstances. I should be sorry to assert that she has made a bad bargain. Her father was a long-headed man, and possibly she has inherited some of his astuteness."

"I think you might at least have let me know before you completed the transaction," Gilbert repeated presently.

"How could we, with these people pressing for an immediate reply, and practically allowing us to name our own terms? Still, I don't wonder at your being disappointed."

"I did not say that I was disappointed," returned Gilbert, to whom Mr. Potter's smile was fast becoming intolerable. "If Miss Huntley has offered you a fancy price, I could not have competed with her; and, indeed, the Manor House might have proved as much of a white elephant to me as it probably will to her. My only feeling is that Brian has behaved in a rather unbrotherly way to me. That, however, is nothing new."

"Ah!" said Mr. Potter.

"Yes; and now that he is, as I suppose, in a measure independent, there

seems to be less chance than ever of his making friends with me. I regret it very much indeed; but I am glad to think that the quarrel is, at all events, not of my seeking."

"Ah!" said Mr. Potter again.

There was evidently nothing to be done with this exasperating old lawyer but to get rid of him as soon as possible, and Gilbert was rejoiced to hear him say that he must catch the afternoon express to London. His disappointment was greater than he had expressed; greater also, perhaps, than Mr. Potter suspected. For some time after he had been left alone he sat, with his head upon his hand, pondering over the significance and results of Brian's unbrotherly conduct, and his apprehensions were summed up in the ejaculation which escaped him at last: "What will Buswell say to this, I wonder?"

Any doubts that he may have entertained as to that were soon set at rest by the arrival of Mr. Buswell himself; and the face of Mr. Buswell, as he bustled into the library where Gilbert was sitting, was red, and lowering clouds were upon his brow.

"Well, Mr. Segrave," he exclaimed, without even going through the formality of an ordinary greeting, "you *have* let us in nicely this time and no mistake! What was you thinking about, sir, to let your brother dispose of his property to anybody but you or me?"

"Pray sit down, Mr. Buswell," returned Gilbert, who was not best pleased with the other's manner. "I have only just heard of the sale of the Manor House, and I confess that I have heard of it with considerable regret. My brother is free to make his own arrangements, and I dare say that I might not have been able to prevent him from making this one even if he had consulted me, although I quite see that it would have been better for you, and indeed for Kingscliff, if you could have acquired the land and built upon it."

"Better!" cried Mr. Buswell, "why, it's essential; neither more nor less than that. I've told you all along that we must have the Manor 'Ouse property, and I pretty generally say what I mean and mean what I say."

"Really, I am very sorry, Mr. Buswell, but I don't see how I can help you. It seems to me that you had better address yourself to Miss Huntley."

"What! — and have to pay twenty thousand pounds for land that we might have got for eight or ten! Mind you, Mr. Se-

grave, this is a matter that concerns you as well as me. I told you I could get you into Parliament, and, to speak plainly, I can keep you out of Parliament too."

"How will you benefit by keeping me out of Parliament, Mr. Buswell?"

"That's not the question; and perhaps I should rather have said that you may be kept out in spite of me. There's a certain number of votes that you can secure by showing people that you have the welfare of the place at heart, and unless you exert yourself, those same votes 'll be given to your opponent, whoever he may be, if it's only to punish you."

"In other words, the Manor House estate is 'o be the price of my election."

"Not a bit of it, nobody's asking you for a bribe. But self-interest, Mr. Segrave, is at the root of all human actions, and if any one tells you it isn't, don't you believe him. We want that land at a reasonable figure; we've looked to you to get it for us, and we look to you still—that's all."

"Then you will be disappointed, I am afraid. How am I to get the land for you?"

"Ah, that's your affair. I know what I should do in your place! but maybe I should put your back up if I mentioned it."

"You can mention it," returned Gilbert shortly.

"Well," said Mr. Buswell, with a chuckle, "I should marry the lady, that's what I should do. By all accounts, she wouldn't be unwilling. Now after that, I'll wish you good-day. I see you don't much relish my putting my oar in; but your best friend couldn't have given you more sensible advice. Think it over, Mr. Segrave, think it over. I'll be bound to say that the longer you think of it the better you'll like it."

He retreated without giving Gilbert time to administer the rebuke which his impertinence merited. He was certainly very impertinent; still, as he had boasted, his advice was sensible—or would have been, if the young candidate for Parliamentary honors had been free and heart-whole. Gilbert, who was neither the one nor the other, could not help thinking it over and verifying, after a fashion, the prediction of its author; for the idea of his possible marriage with Miss Huntley soon ceased to make him angry. Not for an instant did he dream of being false to Kitty, only he wondered whether, supposing that there were no Kitty in existence,

Miss Huntley would have deigned to look favorably upon him, and the popular impression of which Mr. Buswell had made himself the echo filled him with a certain complacency. But this was an unprofitable subject of speculation; what pre-occupied Gilbert longer was the question of why Miss Huntley had bought the Manor House at all—a question to which the ostensible reply seemed to him altogether inadequate. And when he had given up that enigma, there remained for consideration the more serious one of how he was to get himself elected without fulfilling Mr. Buswell's conditions. The scarcely veiled threat of that worthy was not to be misunderstood or disregarded, yet what he had named as the price of his support was virtually unattainable.

When one rock breaks the even flow of a prosperous career, it is well to keep a lookout for others. Some days after Gilbert had received the unwelcome visits described above, he drove over to the other side of the county in order to be present at a Conservative demonstration and *fête*, organized by Sir John Pollington and others and held in the grounds of that patriotic baronet. No invitations to this gathering were issued, a charge of sixpence for admission being exacted, lest unpleasant things should be said about the refreshments and prizes which were provided at Sir John's expense and freely offered to persons of all shades of political opinion. Gilbert had been advised to put in an appearance among the other country gentlemen, and although he would fain have avoided entering upon the territory of a man who persistently declined to see him when they met, he judged it best not to render himself conspicuous by absence.

Many of his own supporters, including Admiral Greenwood, welcomed him on his arrival. It was a beautiful day, the well-timbered, undulating park was thronged by the multitudinous rulers of this favored land, who were competing against one another in hurdle races and sack races, playing kiss-in-the-ring, and otherwise disporting themselves, while the nobility and gentry of the neighborhood looked on in benign sympathy.

"I call this a great success," said good-natured Admiral Greenwood, rubbing his hands. "I like to see people happy, whether they're Liberals or Conservatives, don't you? Not much fun for poor Pollington, though, I expect. A pretty state his grass will be in to-morrow morning. And after all, the Tories are hardly likely

to get a single extra vote for all their trouble."

"Don't be too sure of that," retorted a Conservative lady, who was standing beside him. "We aren't trying to catch votes by providing the electors with a day's pleasuring. The pleasuring is only the bait, the speech is the hook by which we hope to land them."

"Pollington's speech?" asked the admiral incredulously.

"No, though he is very convincing, if people would only listen to him. But we have a trump card up our sleeves, as you shall see presently."

And indeed, after the sports had been wound up and the prizes distributed from a platform which had been erected beneath a spreading oak, the real business of the day began. Sir John harangued at considerable length and with undoubted weight, exposing the countless blunders of a discredited administration; but perhaps he was a trifle too weighty for his audience, and his tone throughout was one of unqualified gloom. He obtained a *succès d'estime*. Other speakers, more or less dreary, followed him and were listened to with resignation by some and undisguised impatience by others. Then arose a stoutish, middle-aged man, with a smooth-shaven face, a cock nose, and a twinkle in his eye. He advanced to the front of the platform, his hands tucked under his coat-tails, and took a deliberate survey of the sea of upturned faces below him.

"This is their trump card," whispered the admiral to Gilbert; "Pollington has been telling me about him. He's a man called Giles, a Q.C., and a rare good speaker, they say."

Mr. Giles soon showed that he possessed at any rate that essential condition of popular oratory which Sir John Pollington lacked; for he made the crowd listen to him. He passed lightly over foreign affairs, remarking that that subject had been pretty thoroughly dealt with in the admirable speeches which they had just heard, and that if Liberal statesmen had any defence to offer of their policy in Egypt and Afghanistan, all he could say was that it hadn't yet been put into an intelligible shape. But he should like to say a word or two about the great benefits which these same statesmen were promising to bestow upon the community if only they were restored to power in the new Parliament. And then he began to be extremely funny. He ridiculed the

theory that subdividing land would make it more productive—a theory which might serve well enough to elicit a round of cheers from Birmingham artisans, but which would hardly go down with farmers, or with farm-laborers either. He was very good-humored, he told some capital stories, made one or two telling points, and kept his audience on the broad grin from first to last.

"Free education, compulsory sale of land, and all the rest of it, these are tempting offers, gentlemen; but the worst of them is that our Radical friends don't propose to pay for them out of their own pockets. Oh, dear no! Yet somebody must provide the funds; and if you don't know who'll be called upon to fulfil that humble, necessary function, I think I can tell you. Why, the ratepayers! And by the look of most of you whom I see here to-day, I'm sadly afraid that that means yourselves. I, too, am a ratepayer; and my experience—I can't say whether it's yours or not—is that my rates are quite heavy enough already."

And so forth, and so forth. The speech was well received, and Mr. Giles retired amidst prolonged applause.

"What do you think of that, Mr. Seagrave?" a voice well known to Gilbert whispered in his ear.

"I think it would be a very good thing if we could get the gentleman over to our side," answered Gilbert, laughing. "Who is he? Do you know anything about him?"

"I know just this about him, that he's likely to be your opponent at Kingscliff, and that it'll take a good man to beat him," was Mr. Buswell's reply. "A man who, as I told you the other day, can show that he has the welfare of the place at heart," he added significantly.

Gilbert turned away. Until lately he had flattered himself—indeed, Buswell had as good as assured him—that he would have a walk over; but now it seemed that this had been rather too hasty an assumption. Under the circumstances, it was a little provoking to find Admiral Greenwood bubbling over with laughter at the enemy's jokes, and quite set upon making the enemy's acquaintance, with a view to asking him to dinner.

"You had better get Sir John Pollington to introduce you," said Gilbert, and sauntered away across the grass with Kitty, to whom, if to no one else, he felt that he might fairly look for sympathy.

But even Kitty, it appeared, was not sympathetically disposed on that inauspicious day; for she opened the conversation by saying, —

"I am so delighted to hear that Beatrice Huntley has bought the Manor House. She used to talk about it sometimes; but I never thought that she really meant it. Aren't you glad?"

"Considering that I particularly wanted to buy the Manor House myself, I can't say that I am," answered Gilbert, with a touch of asperity. "When I made Brian an offer for it some months ago he gave me to understand that he had no intention of selling; but I suppose he couldn't resist the temptation of making a good round sum and serving me a nasty turn at one blow."

"Oh, I am sure he never meant to serve you a nasty turn!" cried Kitty.

In the depths of her honest little heart she was conscious of not being quite as delighted as she ought to be at the prospect of her friend's acquiring a permanent establishment at Kingscliff; but that Brian should be provided with means sufficient to live upon seemed to her to be a subject for unmixed satisfaction, and presently she made a timid remark to that effect.

"I am quite with you there," declared Gilbert, who seldom suffered himself to display temper for more than a moment; "only I confess that I should have been better pleased if he had consented to deal with me instead of with Miss Huntley. You may be right in taking the most charitable view of his conduct, but it is certainly unlucky that he should have done the only thing that it was in his power to do to imperil my election."

"I don't understand," said Kitty.

But Gilbert did not care to be more explicit. He changed the subject, and soon afterwards took his departure. As he drove home, he said to himself that although clever women may not be altogether desirable as wives, a certain degree of intelligence is no such bad thing. Hitherto Kitty had always backed him up blindly and submissively, but when he had stated what was no more than the simple truth, that Brian had placed his election in jeopardy, she had looked almost indignantly at him and had declared that she did not understand. Surely she might have understood that much! And then, for the second time, he fell to wondering what his future lot in life might have been if he had not happened to lose his heart to Kitty Greenwood.

From The National Review.

POSTAL COMMUNICATION, PAST AND PRESENT.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

THERE is certainly no department of the State which can fairly lay claim to so long and honorable a descent as the Post Office. Although its lineage may not literally be traceable to the days when "Adam delved and Eve span," there is no doubt whatever that, in some shape or other, the "post" flourished long before any one cared "who was then the gentleman." The history of the Post Office, from the time when postal communication can be first said to have commenced, down to the present day, is not the history of an institution which, beginning upon a solid basis, has slowly worked its way to distinction, but rather the history of an edifice whose foundation stone has never been really laid. Like Topsy, in Mrs. Stowe's immortal novel, it "grewed." Allowing, however, for frequent and prolonged gaps in the continuity of its history — periods when all traces of a postal system disappear from contemporary records — the Post Office can lay claim to a family tree of very respectable antiquity, and to its credit be it said that it has always flourished best under the influences of law and order.

To attempt to form an idea of the period at which written messages were first transmitted by hand would be an impossible task. Without, however, going back to any more remote period, it may be pointed out that the existence of post-messengers is more than once referred to in the Old Testament. Job compares our fleeting life to the celerity of postal transmission when he says, "Now my days are swifter than a *post*; they flee away." Again, the institution is clearly pointed to in the book of Esther thus: "And he wrote in the king's name, and sealed it with the king's ring, and sent letters *by posts* on horseback." Siculus, the historian, speaks of one of the kings of Egypt "receiving his letters each day," which suggests very strongly not only a post but a daily delivery of letters, though it may probably be taken for granted that the king was the only person in the country so favored. The Persians, for hundreds of years, were content with their "postal relays," a system by which letters were passed on from hand to hand — a very general practice in those days in many Eastern countries. According to Xenophon, King Cyrus was the first who established a horse-post,

and this was presided over by Darius himself, who, before ascending the throne, was (says Plutarch) controller of posts! Mention is also made by Plutarch of a "call-post," which, however, must not be confounded in its objects with the *poste restante* of to-day. Any important news was called out in stentorian tones from a given spot or call-post, and thus communicated to all persons within ear-shot, who in their turn passed the news on to others by similar means. This simple and effective system is also noticed by Cæsar as having been in vogue amongst the Gauls. Now, if we add to this idea the modern newspaper, it is not uninteresting to note that nearly two thousand years after Cæsar's time, that is up to the beginning of the present century, precisely the same method of imparting news was resorted to in small towns and villages in England.

The Egyptian sultans, from the earliest times, recognized the necessity of rapid postal communication, and all over their vast territory they maintained a government post, the organization of which has been described, with many interesting details, by Arabian chroniclers of the different eras. In addition to the courier and horse posts, an arrangement had for centuries been in existence in Egypt for the transmission of messages by pigeon-post, an institution which had been brought to great perfection, and was unparalleled of its kind. The number of carrier pigeons kept in readiness for the service of one of the sultans, during the twelfth century, is stated to have been near upon two thousand, and of so great an importance and dignity was this pigeon-post considered to be that the sultan alone had the right of taking the messages from the pigeons as they arrived. If eating, or sleeping, his meals, or repose, were disturbed for this solemn function.

The fleet foot and horse messengers employed by the Romans for conveying messages, were supplemented also by a pigeon-post, a system the usefulness of which is best proved by the fact that, after outliving the changes of more than twelve centuries, it flourishes in our own time, and is still found both safe and expeditious in certain cases. Correspondence, it will be remembered, was conveyed in and out of Paris, during the siege of 1871, by means of pigeons, and for a time the departure of the pigeon-post for Tours (where the letters were enlarged by photography and sent on to Paris) was regularly advertised by the British Post Office.

Between Suva and Levuka, in the Fiji Islands, where no telegraph wires exist, pigeons are to this day the sole conveyers of shipping intelligence. According to Professor Friedländer, in his interesting work, "*Darstellungen aus der Sittengeschichte Roms*," great progress was made by the Romans, in the fourth and fifth centuries, in their method of postal communication. Their excellent roads enabled them to establish rapid mule and horse posts as well as carts, and it is even stated that special "postal ships" (*Postschiffe*) were kept in readiness at the principal sea-ports. These advanced postal arrangements, like many other traces of Roman civilization, survived longest in Gaul; but even there the barbarism of the people, and the constant wars in which they were engaged, gradually extinguished, first the necessity, and then, as a natural consequence, the means of postal communication, until we find, at a much later period, all European countries alike, for lack of any organized system, making use of pilgrims, friars, pedlars, and others, to convey their correspondence from one place to another.

The first attempt, of any importance, to rescue postal communication from the well-nigh hopeless condition into which it had for centuries fallen, was made in Germany in 1380, by the order of Teutonic Knights, who established properly equipped post-messengers for home and international service. An improvement and extension of this plan was carried out by Francis von Thaxis in the year 1516, when a postal line from Brussels to Vienna, *via* Kreuznach, was established. It is true that, shortly before this, there is some record of Louis XI. of France having started, for State postal purposes, what were termed *cavaliers du roy*; but these were only allowed to be used for private purposes by privileged individuals, part of whose privilege, by the way, consisted in paying to Louis an enormous fee. It is to Francis von Thaxis that must be accorded the title of the first postal reformer. So eager was his interest in the work he had undertaken, that, in order to gain the right of territorial transit through several of the small states of Germany where his plans were strongly opposed, he actually agreed for a time to carry the people's letters free of charge, an instance of generosity, for a parallel of which we look in vain in the history of the Post Office. The mantle of this reformer seems, strangely enough, to have fallen in turn upon many of his descendants, who

not only in Germany, but also in Spain, Austria, Holland, and other countries, obtained concessions for carrying on the useful work started by Francis von Thaxis. One of the Thaxis family, at a later date, was created a prince of Germany, and took the name of Thurm und Taxis; and from him is descended the princely line bearing that name which flourishes at the present day. Another member of the family was created a grandee of Spain, and has the honor of being immortalized by Schiller in his "Don Carlos."

The first establishment of an organized system of postal communication in England is wrapt in some obscurity. During the reign of John post-messengers were, for the first time, employed by the king; these messengers were called *nuncii*; and in the time of Henry I. these *nuncii* were also found in the service of some of the barons. In Henry III.'s reign they had so far become a recognized institution of the State that they were clothed in the royal livery. Mr. Lewins, in his interesting work, "Her Majesty's Mails," states that several private letters are still in existence, dating back as far as the reign of Edward II., which bear the appearance of having been carried by the *nuncii* of that period, with "*Haste, post haste!*" written across them. Should such interesting relics of antiquity ever find their way to the auctioneer's hammer, there would assuredly be a brisk competition for them. Edward IV., towards the end of the fifteenth century, during the time that he was engaged in war with Scotland, had the stations for postal relays placed within a few miles of each other all the way from London to the royal camp, and by this means managed to get his despatches carried nearly a hundred miles a day, a very respectable distance considering the state of the roads at the time. This effort—a spasmodic one, be it said, and only made for a special purpose—was probably never surpassed until the great radical change was successfully attempted which made the transmission of correspondence by post continuous. This did not take place, however, until some hundreds of years later, and in the mean time no improvement is recorded in the postal service in this country from the period last referred to until the reign of Henry VIII. This king, we are told, appointed a "master of the posts," in the person of Sir Brian Tuke, who really seems to have made great efforts to exercise a proper control over the horse-posts, and to bring some sort of organization to

bear on his department. Poor Tuke, however, was not rewarded with much success. The supply of horses was, in the first place, insufficient; and both lamentable and ludicrous are the records of the abortive efforts made by post-boys, mounted on bullocks and kindred beasts, to reach places of which they had never heard, by roads in an almost impassable condition. In the reign of Elizabeth we find, for the first time, a statement of the cost to the Exchequer of maintaining the posts in England, for in Scotland and Ireland there had been, up to that period, no attempt to establish posts at all. The total excess of expenditure over revenue for one year is put down at £5,000 only. This is a very moderate figure, and it can only be accounted for by taking into consideration the enormous fees received by the crown for the use of the royal posts, which, it may be observed, were still maintained for State purposes exclusively. In this reign a very curious incident occurred, which will serve to recall and illustrate the immense power held by foreigners residing in England during the sixteenth century, but notably by that aggressively commercial people, the Flemings. Since the previous century these people had been permitted by the crown to elect their own postmaster to manage what was called the "Stranger's Post," a function which consisted in controlling the mail-packet service between London and the Continent, and in looking after the letters of foreign residents. This office was separate from that of the master of the posts. A dispute having arisen between the Italian and Flemish merchants in 1558 as to the appointment of their postmaster, the dispute was referred to the English government, who, to the utter astonishment of the foreigners, publicly denied them thenceforward the right of election. The English merchants, to whom the existence of this alien postmaster had long been a source of irritation and jealousy, saw their opportunity. They urged the appointment of an Englishman as postmaster for the Stranger's Post, and they so far gained the day that the government then and there resolved that the dual control which had existed for many years should be done away with, and accordingly, an Englishman named Thomas Randolph was, for the first time in history, appointed to the supreme control of the posts of England, under the title of chief postmaster.

The disputes above referred to between the English residents and the members of

the foreign commercial colony which had established itself in London, served to draw public attention to the generally unsatisfactory condition of the postal service of the realm, a service which was far behind that established in Spain, Germany, and other Continental countries by the Thaxis family. The matter was warmly taken up by the whole trading community, and from this time forward improvements rapidly succeeded each other. No further important steps were taken in Elizabeth's reign, but James I. established a regular post for inland letters, and Charles I., recognizing, no doubt, the financial importance of the Post Office, declared it, in 1637, by royal proclamation, to be State property. It was, however, during the Protectorate, twenty years later, that the first act of Parliament relating to the formation of a State Post Office was passed. This statute was entitled, "An Act for the settling of the postage of England, Scotland, and Ireland," and the first clause of it runs as follows:—

Whereas it hath been found, by experience, that the erecting and settling of one General Post Office for the speedy conveying, carrying, and re-carrying of letters by post to and from all parts within England, Scotland, and Ireland, and into several parts beyond the seas, hath been and is the best means, not onely to maintain a certain and constant intercourse of trade and commerce betwixt all the said places, to the great benefit of the people of these nations, but also to convey the publique dispatches, and to discover and prevent many dangerous and wicked designs which have been, and are, daily contrived against the peace and welfare of this Commonwealth, the intelligence whereof cannot well be communicated but by Letter of Escript.

This final sentence admits of but one interpretation; and, as in the slow round of years history always contrives to repeat itself, it is interesting to note how Cromwell's theory that the Post Office would be useful to "discover and prevent many dangerous and wicked designs" was applied by Sir James Graham nearly two hundred years later, in dealing with the correspondence of Mazzini and his friends while refugees in this country. The uproar consequent upon the conduct of the home secretary on this occasion, the committee of inquiry demanded by the House of Commons, and eventually granted by the government, are now matters of history. If the committee of inquiry served no other useful purpose, however, it at any rate served to show that while the greatest care had been exercised in the earlier Post Office charters to provide against

the possible tampering with correspondence by the Post Office authorities during its transmission through the post, in later days the practice of granting special warrants for opening letters had become exceedingly common. Whether the government acted rightly or wrongly in opening Mazzini's letters is a matter of opinion, but that "Tom" Duncombe's ventilation of the subject in Parliament was hailed with general and deserved satisfaction, there can be no doubt; and though the law on the subject still accords the postmaster-general the right, in certain cases, to open letters in course of post, it was, without doubt, to the Mazzini incident that we are indebted for that law having become practically a dead letter.

The first trace which can be found of a regular tariff of postal charges is in the reign of Charles I., and even regarded by the light of to-day these charges cannot be held to be exorbitant; for example, a single letter from London, for any distance under eighty miles, was charged twopence; fourpence up to one hundred and forty miles; sixpence for any greater distance in England, and eightpence to all parts of Scotland. The notion of affixing postage stamps did not dawn upon the world until a much later date, and, consequently, these rates of postage were, for the sake of simplicity, collected from the addressee; and this system, though unfair in some respects, offered one superlative advantage to the postal authorities, namely, it formed a complete check on the letter-carriers, who were held responsible for the collection of the amount of postage chargeable on each letter given to them to deliver. Charles I., as has already been hinted, was shrewd enough to see that the Post Office revenues would eventually form no insignificant addition to the royal exchequer, and for this reason he made persistent efforts to maintain for the crown the monopoly of letter-carrying. In this, however, after a fierce struggle, he was defeated by the Parliament, but no sooner had Charles passed away, and Cromwell become master of the situation, than these very same Parliamentarians were ready to vote for an absolute government postal monopoly. A desperate resistance to this infringement of the liberty of the subject was then, in their turn, made by the city guilds, who, in direct opposition to a proclamation of Cromwell's, had themselves started a cheaper postal service, to supplement, and at the same time, no doubt, to rival, the weekly service established by the government.

The protector was as well aware as the king whom he had beheaded that the only way to make the Post Office a paying concern was to obtain an absolute monopoly of it for the government. He, therefore, appointed a Council of State to report upon the matter, and, as might be expected, the Council reported against the rival scheme of the citizens, who thus found themselves and their scheme ignominiously snuffed out.

From that day, the Post Office in this country has remained exclusively a government undertaking, in spite of the strenuous opposition of private citizens who, for years after Cromwell's decree, fought resolutely to break down what they considered an unjust monopoly, and an interference with their trading rights.

An act confirming Cromwell's settlement of the Post Office was passed in the reign of Charles II., and this act, from the ample nature of its provisions, has always been regarded as the Post Office charter. Instead of a loss of £5,000 a year, an annual revenue of £10,000 was now obtained from the Post Office, or, more strictly speaking, from a Mr. Manley, to whom the postal revenues of the country were farmed for that sum, and Mr. Manley secured to himself a handsome profit on the bargain. In a very few years the Post Office revenue increased from £10,000 to £65,000 a year, a sum which Charles II. settled, by statute, on his brother James, then Duke of York; and, on the accession of James to the throne, these revenues were permanently vested in the crown.

All this time the chief efforts of succeeding postmasters-general had been directed towards obtaining good horses and men, and improving and accelerating the horse-posts between London and the provinces; but no steps had been taken towards arranging postal communications between the different parts of London, a city which now numbered some half a million inhabitants. The idea of starting a cheap town post for London only seems to have first occurred to an enterprising upholsterer named Murray, who undertook to receive and deliver letters and parcels not exceeding a certain weight, at one penny apiece. Murray quickly found his enterprise so successful that he opened six offices in various parts of the metropolis, where letters and parcels might be handed in on prepayment of the penny fee. It was not likely, however, that a successful private venture of this nature would long be allowed to flourish unchecked in

the face of the statutory monopoly of the crown. The government proceeded against the promoters for infringement of its rights, and easily defeated Murray and his partner Docwra.

The London Penny Post, as it was called, was shortly afterwards incorporated into the imperial Post Office, under the title of the London District Post, but, curiously enough, it remained a distinct establishment from the General Post down to as late a period as 1854. Docwra was appointed, under the Duke of York, to the controllership of the District Post, as a compensation for his loss of income, but his partner Murray probably returned to his upholstery, for his name ceases, after this, to appear in the annals of the time. It was to these two men, however, that we are indebted for the first idea of a cheap local post. In 1698 Docwra was removed from his post on a charge of mismanagement. The charge against him is contained in a memorial by the officers of the District or Penny Post to the Treasury, alleging that he wilfully "doth what in him lyes to lessen the revenue of the Penny Post, that he may farm it or get it into his own hands," for which purpose (it was declared) he had removed the Post Office to an inconvenient place. It also alleged that "he forbids the taking in any bandboxes (except very small), and all parcels above a pound which did bring in considerable advantage to the office, they being now at great charge sent by porters into the city, and coaches and watermen into the country, which formerly went by Penny Post messengers, much cheaper and more satisfactory." There was also another and a graver charge against Docwra, namely, that "he did stop, under spetious pretences, most parcels that are taken in which do much harm to tradesmen . . . and hazard the life of the patient when physick is sent by a doctor or an apothecary." There is, it is to be feared, only too good reason to believe that Docwra was guilty of some, if not all, of these charges. Eventually Docwra was granted a pension of £500 a year out of Post Office funds, as compensation for his loss of income.

In 1708 an attempt was made by a Mr. Povey to establish a halfpenny post; but this enterprise, like Docwra's, was suppressed by law.

It was hardly to be supposed that a Parliament which had been the instrument of conferring upon a nation so great a blessing as an organized Post Office, was not going to reap some benefit from its

labors. To the Post Office charter in Charles II.'s reign, was annexed a proviso, that members of Parliament should be allowed to send and receive their correspondence free of charge. *A propos* of this clause a rather amusing discussion took place in the House of Commons at the time, which is recorded in Cobbett's "Parliamentary History." A certain Sir Walter Earle proposed that members' letters should "come and go free" during the sessions of Parliament. Sir Heneage Finch replied indignantly to this proposal, that it was "a poor mendicant proviso and below the honor of the House." The clause, however, was eventually passed by a large majority; but the Lords threw it out, ostensibly from conscientious scruples, but really, as it afterwards transpired, because there was no provision made in the bill for the *Lords' own letters to pass free!* A few years later, however, this omission was supplied, and both Houses of Parliament entered upon the enjoyment of a privilege which they for many years exercised with more or less freedom. In 1784 this privilege was greatly restricted, and on the introduction of cheap postage in 1840, was entirely abolished, a proceeding which, in itself, at once added £80,000 a year to the revenue.

From the time the Post Office first became a department of the State, the government has always reserved to itself the right of sending its official correspondence unpaid, but it is doubtful whether the Treasury warrant which granted that right ever contemplated, under the head of "official correspondence," some of the items which are recorded in the packet agent's book at the beginning of the last century as having been confided to the care of the postmaster-general, and forwarded by him to destination free of charge. For example: "Fifteen couple of hounds going to the King of the Romans with a free pass." "Two maidservants going as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Methuen." "Dr. Crichton, carrying with him a cow and divers necessities." "Two bales of stockings for the use of the Ambassador to the Crown of Portugal." Strange "mails" indeed, but this was during the war, and *à la guerre comme à la guerre!*

Up to the year 1720 the Post Office of the United Kingdom was so far in its infancy that the only postal communication in regular working order was that between the capital and the chief towns north, south, east, and west. It was a simple matter enough to send a letter (provided

the messenger was not robbed, or murdered, or lost in a snowdrift) from, say, London to Bath, or from London to Shrewsbury; but a person residing in Bath wishing to write to a friend at Shrewsbury found himself under the necessity of sending his letter to London first, whence it followed the Bath road back again as far as Oxford, and then branched off to Shrewsbury. This course was rendered necessary more from the horrible condition of the cross-roads than from the scarcity of postmasters. The main highroads, though their condition would, of course, be an impossibility in the present day, were still maintained in sufficient repair to admit of their being used by the stage-coaches and mounted post-messengers of the time; but the cross-roads appear to have been quite neglected, and in the early part of George I.'s reign were in such a hopeless condition as hardly to deserve the name of roads at all.

About this time, however, an energetic postmaster, Mr. Ralph Allen, of Bath, appeared upon the scene with a cut-and-dried scheme of his own for reconstructing and improving the system of cross-posts (as they were, and still are, called) throughout the kingdom. The first thing was to get the roads into some repair; and after the delay necessary for this undertaking, we find Allen starting a cross-post between Exeter and Chester, *vid* Bristol, Gloucester, and Worcester, thus connecting the west of England with the Lancashire district. This and other experiments made by him were so successful that the lords of the treasury granted to Allen a lease of the cross-posts for life. He was to keep the entire revenue arising from this source, and to pay out of it an annual rental to the government of £6,000. How far this arrangement suited Ralph Allen may be judged from the fact that among his papers, after his death, were found records showing that he had made, first and last, a sum of nearly £500,000 by farming the cross-posts. It must not be supposed from this, however, that Allen defrauded the public. He did the country excellent service, and was well paid for his work, and contemporary records point him out as a generous and charitable man in private life. He was especially charitable to needy men of letters; and it was perhaps in recognition of this excellent quality that Fielding took Mr. Allen as his model for the character of Allworthy in "Tom Jones." Allen was, moreover, a friend of Pope's; and it is said to be to

the worthy postmaster of Bath, and inventor of the system of cross-posts that reference is made in the poet's well-known lines, —

Let humble *Allen*, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame.

One of the most curious circumstances in the history of the Post Office is, perhaps, that no trace can be found of any attempt having been made till near the commencement of the present century to supersede the old worn-out system of sending the mails by mounted messengers. Long after stage-coaches had come into regular daily use for conveying passengers, the government still clung to the old horse-posts for forwarding the mails, and a pace of three to four miles an hour was considered quite fast enough for the mails, while passengers could often travel five or six. Time seems to have been quite a secondary consideration; the one aim of the government was to make the Post Office *pay*. Indeed, so little were the interests of the public regarded that, at one period, we find the postmaster-general declining to send letters to Warwick by the direct route because the postage, being calculated by distance, was higher and more lucrative to the department on letters conveyed by the longer route, *vid* Coventry. It is presumed that a similar practice with regard to letters passing between London and Bath was followed by the Post Office; for while the stage-coach, such as it was, managed to get over the distance in eighteen hours, his Majesty's mails took more than thirty-six to accomplish the journey. This state of things existed up to 1784, when one of the greatest reforms ever made in the Post Office was effected by the introduction of the plan of Mr. John Palmer. This gentleman, by a curious coincidence, was, like his predecessor Allen, of cross-post notoriety, a citizen of Bath, where he was lessee of the Theatre Royal. Now, Bath being an important city — indeed so far as its springs and its fashionable frequenters were concerned, a more important city than now — and standing right on the main coaching-road to the west of England, offered to a shrewd person like Palmer ample opportunity for observing the relative speed of the various conveyances between London and the west, and Palmer had observed that when the tradesmen of Bath were specially anxious to have letters conveyed with speed and safety they confided them to the driver of the stage-coach, though such a practice was, of course, contrary to

law, and moreover very expensive as compared with the cost of transmission by post. But the post still consisted of defenceless messengers, mounted often on worn-out hacks, and frequently found to be in league with the highwaymen who relieved them of their mail-bags *en route*. Mr. Palmer accordingly drew up a very full report on the glaring inefficiency of postal communication in England, pointing out both the slowness of the system and its want of security, and this report he submitted to the then prime minister, Mr. Pitt, accompanying it with a very urgent recommendation that the mails should, as far as possible, be conveyed by the stage-coach, accompanied by well-armed guards. He also suggested that the mails should be timed to arrive in London from the various parts of the country simultaneously, and the same rule observed in despatching them from the metropolis, in order to secure to the public the great convenience (which up to that time does not appear even to have been considered) of regularity in the receipt and despatch of their correspondence. Such a plan as this was manifestly a step in the right direction; but that persistent obstructiveness which appears in times past to have been displayed by the Post Office authorities in encountering any scheme for postal reform submitted by an "outsider" did not desert them at this moment. They opposed Palmer's scheme tooth and nail; but Mr. Pitt at once saw its merits, and, under his auspices, an act was passed authorizing the transmission of the mails by stage-coach. This act became law in 1784, an important era in the history of the Post Office.

Up to this period it may be argued that, with the exception of the Post Office having become a recognized institution for the benefit of the people, and being under government control, little or nothing had really been done to place postal communication on a better footing than it was some hundreds of years before. The same means of communication were actually in use as those employed by the ancient Romans, namely, mounted messengers, and, if contemporary records may be trusted, neither the messengers nor the horses used for postal purposes towards the close of the eighteenth century were such as to bear favorable comparison with the men and beasts employed for the same purpose at any previous period of history. But what could be expected? The Post Office desired to show a good balance-sheet, and cheap labor was one of the

necessities to this end. Boys of fourteen years of age, clad in the ridiculous garb of the post-boy, made familiar to us by the sketches of Cruikshank and Doyle, encumbered with perhaps two leathern bags apiece, mounted on any horse which could be picked up at a low price, were scarcely the kind of messengers to elevate the tone of the service or to expedite the delivery of correspondence. Then the roads they had to traverse, and the weather they had to encounter! Where was the use of persons writing, as they frequently did, across their letters, "Haste, haste, post haste!" or "Ride, villain, ride for thy life!" when the unfortunate post-boy was mounted on a nag which would have disgraced even a modern London four-wheeler, and in this plight had to ford swollen torrents, encounter snowdrifts thirty feet high, or ride all through the pitch-dark nights of winter on roads which, even in broad daylight, were all but impassable? The fault clearly lay with the department in trusting letters of any value or importance to such hands. However, it is generally accepted that when things come to the worst they are certain to mend; and the "haste, post haste" of the Post Office in the year of grace 1784 having dwindled down to a speed of three and a half or, at the most, four miles an hour, it was certainly ripe for the sweeping change about to be introduced by John Palmer; though it must have been gall and wormwood to the Post Office authorities to reflect, that the greatest of all the postal reforms which had up to that period been initiated was the work of a provincial theatrical manager who had failed in early life as a brewer.

Mr. Pitt appointed Palmer controller-general of the Post Office at a salary of £1,500 a year, on August 2, 1784—the very day on which the first mail-coach was to start, experimentally, from London to Bristol, a distance which it accomplished in fifteen hours. The experiment was considered completely successful, and it was accordingly arranged that the system should be gradually extended to all the main posting-roads, and that the coaches should, so far as was practicable, start at the same hour from the chief Post Office in London.

Mr. Palmer had originally fixed the contract rate of speed of the new coaches at six miles an hour, but this was shortly afterwards altered to eight, when a perceptible increase was again noticeable in the weight of the mails. Subsequently the official rate of speed was augmented to nine, and then to ten miles an hour, and

with each acceleration the amount of correspondence transmitted by the coaches increased. This, however, was not quite the case with the passengers. Considerable distrust, it is stated, was shown at this alarming high rate of speed, a circumstance perhaps scarcely to be wondered at from a people who had never travelled more than five miles an hour in their lives. Lord Chancellor Campbell relates that he was frequently warned against travelling in Palmer's improved mail-coaches on account of "the fearful pace at which they flew, and of the instances recounted to him of persons who had died suddenly of apoplexy from the rapidity of the motion."

In spite of, or perhaps on account of, the enormous success which had attended Palmer's scheme, it was deemed advisable that he should surrender his appointment at the Post Office. The fact was that he could not get on with the permanent officials, the old "Tite Barnacles," of the service, who never forgave him his success, and consequently did their best to make his post unbearable. Palmer retired from the Post Office in 1792, just eight years after his appointment, a pension of £3,000 a year being granted him in consideration of his valuable services to the country. He was, however, dissatisfied with the amount, and, after petitioning the government for many years, he obtained, in 1813, a Parliamentary grant of £50,000.

It cannot be denied that the history of the Post Office, up to the end of the last century, while it suggests no actual absence of capacity on the part of the officials employed in performing routine duties—indeed, the records of the office show many instances of the exercise of scrupulous care in their discharge—still exhibits, as compared with the present day, a singular absence of even moderately inventive power. The old saying that lookers-on see most of the game would, indeed, find an unlooked-for application if it were applied to the professions and business of daily life. Yet it is literally true that the first man to suggest and carry out a cheap and expeditious town post in London was an upholsterer. Not only, as we have seen, was Murray never rewarded for his enterprise, but he was actually prosecuted for an infringement of crown privileges, and his scheme absorbed into the postal system of the day, where it obtained a success probably never dreamt of even by its inventor. With Palmer it was much the same history over again. We see the ex-brewer and theatrical manager teaching the Post Office (which still

clung obstinately to the wretched mounted messenger of a bygone age) the use of stage-coaches. We see him nearly trebling the rate of speed at which mails were conveyed; giving safety and punctuality to the postal service; in short, taking the mails literally out of the mire and placing them in security on good highroads. And then? Not for his own sake, but for the sake of the organization which he alone was able to impart to his successful undertaking, was John Palmer taken into the service of the crown; but as soon as he had set the machine thoroughly in motion, and the number of stage-coaches carrying mails out of London had increased threefold, the permanent officials, who had virulently opposed his scheme when first it was broached, saw that they could do very well without this "outsider," and he was politely shown the door. It is likely that, had Palmer been retained in the service as controller-general of the Post Office the improvements in the system of mail-coaches would have been much more rapid than they were. Impossible as it may seem, no sooner was Mr. Palmer's back turned than some of the officials of the department counselled a return to the effete horse-posts; but these counsels were fortunately over-ridden by the prime minister, backed up by the feeling of the country. The first year that the new mail-coaches were started the net revenue of the Post Office stood at £250,000. Thirty years afterwards it had increased sixfold, and stood at £1,500,000. From this time until the period, so near at hand, when the greatest of all postal reformers was to take the world by storm, and create for himself an enduring name such as belongs only to a public benefactor, there is little of moment to record. Overshadowed as they are by the vast importance of the penny post, and the introduction of railways, events which were so soon to revolutionize the commerce of the country, but little notice need be taken of the minor improvements in the Post Office service up to the year 1840. Suffice it to say that more than twenty years before this period, the building in Lombard Street, which had served as the head Post Office of the kingdom since the reign of James II., a building once the residence of Sir Robert Viner, lord mayor of London, was found to be inadequate to the requirements of the service, and a petition was accordingly presented to the House of Commons in 1814, praying for the removal of the Post Office to more commodious premises. Among other reasons urged by the peti-

tioners was the insanitary state of the office, it being stated that "two guineas were expended weekly for vinegar to fumigate the rooms and prevent infectious fevers." The Commons, however, were apparently not convinced; for it was not till 1825, eleven years later, that the site for a new Post Office was chosen. The choice fell on St. Martin's-le-Grand, where formerly stood an ancient convent and sanctuary, and here in 1829 was completed and opened to the public the simple yet imposing Greek-Ionic building which is still one of the best-known objects in London. Of the work done inside that building, and in the still larger office facing it, erected in 1873, it will be our business to speak at a future time.

From Murray's Magazine.

A BARGEE'S SWEETHEART.

THE three-forty-five horse-car, or tram as they call it there, had just gone jingling down the white road to Swinton, which ran at the bottom of the field lying in front of the Pendlebury Children's Hospital. A well-knit young fellow was walking up one of the little gravel paths that lead from the sweep of the carriage drive, between the square grass-plots, to the "patients' visitors' door," in the side of the long central corridor, one blazing September afternoon. His moleskin trousers, and corduroy waistcoat made with sleeves, and faced with dark brown velvet open below the top button over a blue guernsey, made one at once feel sure that neither horses nor boats were totally unfamiliar to him. And lastly, the sealskin cap which he took off, and twirled in his great hands as he reached the door, would let any one who has ever walked on the towing-path of a canal into the secret of his apparently double occupation.

John Thrupp was a bargee; and a fine strapping young fellow; an easy six feet in his blue worsted socks; deep in the chest and with not an ounce of superfluous fat anywhere.

If his brow was low, with the hair that fell over it coarse and tan-colored, it was broad and "stood upright," and the eyes under it were good, honest blue ones. The clean-shaved lips met firmly over two rows of strong white teeth, in a jaw heavy but not brutal. No one could call John Thrupp a lout, if he was a bargee; and though he stooped a little from the shoulders, it wasn't the outcome of a slouchy

nature in the man, but simply because he could, and did if necessary, drag, by a rope over his shoulder, a heavy lumbering barge that would puzzle many an upright Guardsman to stir. So far from being a lout, John Thrupp had two, at least, of the indispensable attributes of a gentleman. He was a man of his word, and he had a love of cleanliness — inside and out. That he paid his way — if only along the towing-path of a canal, — and worked as hard as he had strength for, were, I think, two other very gentlemanly habits; but many folk may think that I am quite wrong about this; and as I want only to tell you a plain tale, we won't go into so disputed a subject any further. Mind you, I do not believe that all bargees are honest, or even clean; I don't indeed; but this particular bargee was.

He loved his cold plunge in the Broads at daylight, told the truth as unvaryingly, and enjoyed a clean shave as keenly as any gentleman stroke in a 'Varsity Eight.

Well! This bargee turned a shade paler, in spite of his six feet and broad shoulders, as he caught sight of the rows of white beds, with the red-jacketed little forms in them, in the wards, on either side the path. He moistened his lips, and swallowed a little nervously, as he rung a bell beside the open doorway, that startled him by clanging just over his head. A brisk voice said, —

"Come in; come straight on;" and doing so, John found himself, after passing through a small receiving-room, in the long, slate-paved corridor, with its fifty pale windows, and double sets of glass doors opening into the long, branching pavilion wards. The corridor looked interminable, and the shafts of sunlight, slanting through the high windows on the right, seemed to cut its great length into diagonal strips.

Two doctors, in loose jackets and with bare heads, were standing at the far end talking; but their voices did not reach to where John stood, a little dazed, and at a loss how to proceed. The same brisk voice, now close behind him, remarked, "Well?" and paused.

John turned, and saw a blue-gowned, white-aproned figure, in a high white cap, sitting on a polished bench against the dark wall — looking for all the world like a blue and white china tile, set up against a dark oak shelf. The nurse — for it was a nurse — or at least a probationer (and not a tile), had a pencil and book in her hands, and without looking up, went on rapidly, —

"Who to see? How many? Only yourself? No infection of any sort at home, I hope; *whom* did you say?" glancing at last up at poor John's puzzled face, with her pencil ready to put a cross against the patient he should ask for.

"A little girl; at least a young girl," said John. "Nancy Battsen," adding a little unsteadily, "she was hurt — here," touching his own broad chest.

"Hayward Ward — in the special," replied the nurse, getting up, and standing by John, to point up the corridor. "Go straight up to the statue and turn into the glass doors to the left, under the lantern in the roof."

"Thank you, ma'am," said John, going as directed; and then turned hesitatingly to her, and said, "How is she, miss, please?"

But the nurse did not know. She said she was "over on the other side, in Liebert," but that the sister in Hayward would tell him.

Poor John did not understand at all what she meant, but he thanked her, and walked up the corridor as directed, lurching a little from side to side in his anxiety to prevent his great nailed boots making such an embarrassing noise.

Like all who are unaccustomed to life in a hospital, John thought every sound, even out there, in the corridor, must wake some poor soul. He looked at the two trim nurses, who passed him higher up, quite reproachfully for actually laughing and chattering so close to his poor little girl, who had been so nearly killed.

A sickening expectation, and almost terror, made John's hands cold and his eyes burn, as he turned into the first glass doors, and found himself in a shorter corridor, with linen-cupboards, and a bright little ward kitchen, on one side; in front a long vista of polished boards, rows of beds, and white-covered tables. The afternoon sun streamed in and touched the shining jugs, and glass jars, and bunches of flowers, and the white-capped head of a nurse, who was bending over the nearest table, on which a huge pewter inkstand literally glistened, it had been so perseveringly burnished.

The closed door on his left opened, and the sister, a tall thin woman, in a dark green serge gown, and a variation of the prevailing white cap on her white hair, came out saying to the unseen occupant of the little eight-sided room within, "I don't think there is any one coming to see you, dear. It is nearly four, when the visitors go. Unless," she said, facing John, "*this*

is your brother. Have you come to see Nancy Battsen, young man?" she added.

"Yes, ma'am," said John; and the sister stood on one side, and pushed open the door, and said, "Here's this brother of ours at last." She turned to John, and added, "It is just as well you didn't come earlier. She mustn't talk much, nor move. You talk to her," and stepped swiftly across the slate-paved passage towards the ward; but paused as John, who stood in the doorway, looking at the little dark head on the pillow, in an agony of awkwardness, after a moment said, —

"She, — Nancy isn't my sister, ma'am. She's naught to me. At least she's — my sweetheart. I had to come, as her father's had to go on with the boat."

"Very well," said the sister, smiling and disappearing.

"Sweethearts" were rare visitors, as this was a children's hospital.

Nancy was really two and a half years over the age-limit.

John creaked carefully across the floor, and sat down on the chair beside Nancy's bed and said, —

"Well, Nancy," in a voice so husky, one might have thought he was a man of feeling, and not "only a bargee."

"Well, John," said the black-eyed little creature, whose dark curly head lay still on the pillow, though she put a rough little boy's hand into John's great fist. John noticed she had her yellow beads round her throat still, though she was wearing a washed-out blue flannel jacket belonging to the ward, which struck him strangely.

"Don't move your arms, Nancy dear," he said, speaking in almost a whisper, and not daring to clasp the hand laid in his. "Are you better?"

Nancy smiled up at him, still not moving, but pressing his hand a little, and said, —

"You be frightened of me, John! But I'm a lot better — I'm not drowned now, you silly!"

John smiled a little, for the first time since he had looked at her, and said, —

"Yes, I be frightened at you! You look so delicate, and such a little thing; and I don't seem to know you, lying abed like that."

"I don't lie abed much on the boat, do I?" said Nancy, the flush, which his coming had caused, fading, and leaving a little brown face suddenly.

"How's father, John?"

"He's gone on with the boat. It had to go, you know, so far as Bolton. He's

coming on Wednesday to see yer, — back by train, — if you ain't out o' this by then, Nancy."

"Nay, I shan't be out," said Nancy, her eyes filling. "The lady — the sister, I mean — says I'll have to lie still a good bit, because of my ribs. Did you know, John, when you pulled me out o' water, that the boat had gone agen me, and squeezed me agen the bridge, before I went under?"

John nodded, and putting his left hand over hers lying in his right, said huskily, "Did it hurt very bad, Nancy dear?" and then, breaking down altogether, poor John knelt by the bed, and laid his head on the iron at the top of the bed and sobbed like a child.

"Dont'ee, John, now dont'ee," said Nancy, the red blood coming like a wave into her face suddenly.

"It was not so very bad; I was dazed, and didn't feel-like at all. Don't cry, John, I be a lot better, and it don't hurt now. I can't bear to have you cry," and the poor child's voice got rough, and great tears rolled over her cheeks, and she moved her hand to pull John's head down close to her, and whispered, "It was you who saved me, John, you know. Oh, don't cry so, John; I'm better."

For a moment or two the poor fellow sobbed helplessly over his little crushed playfellow; and then when she said, "You mustn't, John; the lady can see through that little window, and she'll make yer go," he kissed the hand he was holding, and sat back in the chair, and looked pitifully at her, feeling a great helpless brute.

"John," said Nancy shyly, after a moment, "what made you say I was your sweetheart, when I ain't?"

"You are, Nancy; I didn't know it myself till I come to tell the lady you was naught to me, and then I knowed you were everything, and all I've got to care for. When you come out of this, you'll be my sweetheart, won't you, Nancy?"

Nancy smiled with the tears hardly dry and said, "It did sound strange to hear you say out like that, 'She's my sweetheart!' But I think I be," she said after a moment, looking roguishly up at John, who leaned over her and kissed her.

"Come home soon, Nancy," he said, "and I'll take better care of you. You shan't jump off the barge agen, nor get drowned no more."

The door opened to admit a doctor and the sister. John stood up, and touched his forehead to the doctor, who nodded, and said, —

"Your sister's over the age, my man; she ought to have been taken to the Infirmary, but as we have taken her in, we must get her well. How old are you?" he added to the girl.

"I'm sixteen, and eight months, sir."

"Dear me, she don't look it, does she, sister?"

"No," said the sister, taking down a card that hung over the bed, and adding the age to it.

"It's the short curly hair makes her look so young, else she's a fine grown girl really."

"How came she to be brought here?" said the doctor, holding Nancy's wrist, and putting one foot up on the chair by the bed, resting his watch on his knee. He addressed John, but kept his eyes on Nancy's face, which was paling and flushing by turns.

"I was carrying her in my arms, after we got her out, sir, and her father says to the policeman, 'Where ought we take my little girl, she's been nearly drowned and hurt?' 'Little girl?' says the policeman, 'take her to Gartside Street, the Children's Hospital, out-patient's room, you know;' and so we does; and there was a van there, and they told us to get in, and we was drove here."

"Oh! I see," said the doctor, laying down the hand he held, and putting up his watch.

"So they took you for a real 'little girl,' instead of a big little girl. I dare say, sister, you and C—— (mentioning the other surgeon) were only too delighted to get a good case into your special, and forgot to ask the age. Any rise of temperature?" glancing at the chart over the bed.

"No," said the sister.

"Takes her food well? Let's see, milk only, isn't it? Like it?" Nancy nodded.

"Yes," said the sister again, "and she sleeps well now."

"Oh! well, she's doing very well," and turning to John, the doctor said those, to him, routine words, but which lifted a load off the poor fellow's heart: "If she lies still, and does as she's told, she'll pull through now; but you'd better not stop now talking to her, she's over-tired already. Say good-bye to your sister, and come to the out-patient room, and give me your address."

"She's my sweetheart, sir," said John slowly, looking at Nancy's downcast eyelids.

"Oh, ho!" said the doctor, glancing sharply from one to the other. "Then

most certainly it's time you went. You're far too interesting a visitor for our patient." But being a man of quick sympathy, and although he was a doctor and "man of science," having a sweetheart of his own, he called the sister outside the door as he left, to give the young things a moment to themselves, while he impressed upon her that Nancy must on no account attempt to move.

"We shall have some mischief with that broken rib, unless we look out. But, so far, she's doing splendidly."

John caught the last words as he too came out, and how they altered the look of things for him!

When he had entered that room, he dreaded to look at his poor, as he thought dying, playmate. Now! He straightened himself up, and smiled back at Nancy, who kissed her hand to him in the doorway. Nancy, who was really getting well, and would soon be coming out, all right. And she was no longer his playmate, but was his little sweetheart; and they had kissed each other.

This bargee looked a different man, as he stepped briskly down the corridor behind the doctor, feeling inclined to join in the whistling of "My love is young and fair," in which the young house-surgeon was indulging.

When he was going out into the glare of the sunshine on the gravel, after giving the particulars about Nancy's father, and his profession, John looked straight at the doctor, standing bareheaded on the steps, and said, —

"I'll be very grateful to you, sir, if you'll cure her;" and added by a sudden inspiration, "she's all I've got to love, and I'll do anything for you if you'll get her well, sir. I'm going to have a barge of my own next spring, and I'll take better care of her after this."

"Oh! so Miss Nancy is to be Mrs. John Thrupp, is she?" laughed the doctor.

"Yes, she is, sir," returned John, laughing too out of the joy and relief at his heart.

As he ran down the road to catch the train that came jingling up, the clatter of the horses' hoofs and the bells on the harness seemed to repeat the doctor's capital suggestion, "Mrs. John Thrupp!"

The next visiting-day, Sunday, John Thrupp was again going from Manchester to Pendlebury, on the top of the tram, to see Nancy. He was earlier this time. The clock of Pendleton church struck

three as they passed. He remembered that, as he passed it again, going back. There was no one on the bench that side of the car, and John leaned back with both arms over the seat, and his hat tilted back off his forehead, enjoying the sunshine and easy swinging progress of the car. It was like the gliding of his barge, but emphasized by the regular trot, trot of the horses. As the road grew pretty and tree-shaded after the change of horses at Pendleton, his thoughts went back to the long summer afternoons he and Nancy had so often spent together, leaning over the side of her father's barge, as they slipped slowly through the water below, which was painted with little dabs of blue and red and yellow reflections, of the gorgeous Windsor Castle that decorated the barge stern, and in return threw little curls and flashes of light over the ideally green lawns and woods of the picture.

He and old Battsen, his cousin, were partners in this barge — the *Get Away*, and lived on board. Nancy lived on shore with her widowed sister, in one of the many little red-brick cottages that cluster along the various "cuts" of the canals all over England. They generally plied backwards and forwards on the Grand Junction Canal, near Uxbridge, among flat meadows and pollard willows. It was quite an exception for her to have to come all the way to Manchester as she had done this time, and she had slept on shore each night, in the rough lodgings to be had along the canals — with old Battsen. But she spent all her days on the *Get Away*, keeping house, as she called it, for her father; peeling the potatoes and washing up the mugs in the gaily painted tin basins, and keeping the little cabin as neat as a man-o'-war'sman. Sometimes she donned her great check sun-bonnet, and with a little red-and-black plaid shawl pinned across her bosom, and a clean white apron — the outdoor full-dress costume of a tidy barge lass — she steered, or walked along the path behind *Old Soldier*, the steady, powerful old grey, who patiently trudged along in all weathers, dragging the capacious monkey-boat with its varying loads. He didn't need guiding, not even in the locks into which he drew the barge, and then stood, slowly munching out of his nose-basket, which Nancy kept like silver, till he heard old Battsen's epigrammatic but comprehensive order, "G' up, *Sodger*."

Then on he went again, gradually drawing the slack rope out of the water, dripping, and whipping the surface till it

finally stretched out taut, and the barge slowly glided out of the lock. He knew exactly what to do without Nancy's "Now then, my general!" "Quick march, cap'en!" or "Halt, *Soldier*!" She used to declare that he minded being called "*Soldier*" more than a flick with the short-handled whip. He had been an officer's horse, and was offended at being spoken to like a "common trooper."

John smiled as he remembered how Nancy's laugh and the pat she gave "*Soldier*" with her little wet hand reached him, as she said that. They were just coming out of the lock below Uxbridge; they had a cargo of unbroken flints that time, and he remembered as he jumped on board, after working the lock-gates, just as she said it, the splash with which one of the queer-shaped, white and steely flints, displaced by his foot, went into the canal.

The sunny picture his slow fancy had called up was suddenly followed by the remembrance of that other cold drizzling evening a week ago, when it was Nancy who jumped lightly from the barge to the path, as they went under the bridge at Salford. John sat up suddenly, and for a moment felt sick and cold as he heard again the splash and quick little frightened cry with which Nancy disappeared in the water, black, in the thick shadow of that hideous arch. She had taken the jump scores of times, but this time she just missed the bricked edge of the path, and before her father, who was at the helm, could get at her, she went under.

John, who was several yards ahead with the horse, saw her rise again between the slowly approaching barge and the brick path, to which she clung; but before he could reach her and draw her out of the water, a spasm of anguish on the girl's pale face, and one long choked scream told him that the great lumbering barge had passed just one inch too near the edge and had crushed, as it passed, the slight form.

"Oh, good God!" muttered John, and drew his breath sharply through his teeth; even now it was all over and Nancy getting better, he couldn't think of it without shuddering.

How he dived under the barge and drew out the now inanimate little body and lifted it to the many hands stretched out on the path; how he and her father, white and shaking with horror, took their silent, lifeless burden to Gartside Street, he did not clearly remember.

He remembered the policeman's face clearly. A pale face, showing blue where

the chin was shaved; and he remembered too that Nancy's curls dripped on to the back of his hand in the ambulance carriage, as she lay, wrapped in blankets, across her father's knee. But after his own plunge into the water everything seemed confused, and the things done and said were like the unreal acts and words of a horrible dream.

"But she's all right *now*," said John to himself, "and when she's Mrs. John Thrupp she shan't run no more risks;" and he gave himself a shake to pull himself together before he got off the tram when it stopped on the white road below the hospital.

He joined the group of mothers and fathers and friends, each with their bundles of clothes, eggs, and flowers, for the patients, going in twos and threes up the slope. Some, as he had done last week, were going for the first time, and looked about them curiously; but our bargee strode on quickly, smelling the huge bunch of stocks and wall-flowers and mignonette he was taking Nancy. He knew his way, and nodded to the man at the lodge as if he were an old friend.

It was the same blue-and-white nurse on duty as portress, and John came in briskly out of the sunshine into the cool grey corridor, and took off his cap with quite a gallant smile, as he said, before the nurse spoke this time, —

"To see Nancy Battsen," — and quite proud of his knowledge, added, "in Haywood Special, ain't it? Only myself, please, miss."

The nurse said "Yes," and added "Oh! — Mr. Battsen."

"John Thrupp," said John, smiling still. "Oh! — yes," said the nurse. "Mr. Thrupp, wait a moment, please."

John stood on one side, wondering what she wanted with him, and watched her send a cabman and his wife, who asked for "Johnny Mahoney — a baby," to "North Ward." John wondered idly what was the matter with "Johnny Marney," as the anxious parents called it.

When they turned and went off to the right, John looked after them, and did not notice the momentary hesitation and glance of pity the little blue-and-white nurse cast on him as she laid her book on the bench, and got up and said, —

"Will you come this way, Mr. Thrupp?"

"Has she been moved out of there?" said John, following, as they came opposite the Hayward doors.

"The doctor wants to speak to you," replied the nurse, without answering him,

and opened the door of the room into which the doctor had taken him last time.

The doctor was sitting the other side of a square, green leather table, and looked up absently from his writing; and then, as John said cheerily, "Good-day, sir," he seemed suddenly to recognize the young fellow. A worried look came into his face, and he said, —

"Oh, it's you; wait a moment," and getting up quickly, he followed the nurse out of the room, turning to add as he closed the door, "Sit down, I'll be back in a moment."

John sat down a little puzzled; but not a shade of anxiety, or fear that his Nancy was worse, crossed his mind. He had made up his mind she was nearly well by now, and pictured her, sitting up now perhaps in a long armchair he had seen in the special. The door opened again, and the doctor came in, looking very grave indeed; and shutting the door, stood with his back to it, and said, —

"Mr. Thrupp, I am very much distressed to find you have not had the message I sent to Gartside Street last night; I quite thought you had it."

"What message, sir?" said John, suddenly frightened at the doctor's grave tone. "I didn't think to go and ask for no message — she was getting better — she ain't no *worse*, is she, sir? She ain't bad agen, is she, doctor?"

"My poor fellow," said the doctor, his own face paling a little, "I wish you had gone to enquire. She got much worse yesterday afternoon; before we wired she tried to sit up, poor child, and hæmorrhage, internal hæmorrhage, set in."

And he hesitated again, and looked pityingly at poor John; and again went on hurriedly, —

"We thought you'd get the wire and be prepared. She sank rapidly. There was no pain, but we could do nothing. She died about midnight."

John sat on very still, with his cap in hands, between his knees, staring at the doctor, who laid his hand tenderly on his shoulder, and was saying something else, but he didn't hear what. The whole room, the whole world, seemed throbbing with those few words — "*She died about midnight.*"

Half an hour after, John Thrupp, bargee, was slowly walking back to Manchester with a little parcel of girl's garments under his arm, and a string of yellow beads clasped tight in his great right hand, seeing only the white face of his dead sweetheart painted against the cruel piti-

less streets and hurrying crowds of Manchester.

"And she was better o' Wednesday!" he was muttering half aloud.

"She was better o' Wednesday."

That night John and old Battsen were sitting one on each of the bunks of the little cabin of the *Get Away*, with an oil lamp between them. The old man was crying bitterly for his dead little girl, reiterating how "he'd ha' gone to see her, if you'd not a' said she were better." John sat still in dumb misery, after telling the old man all there was to tell; and they had spoken, too, about the funeral.

"Ye see, it's worse for me nor for you," said poor old Battsen, selfish as we all often are in our sorrow. "She was my only little 'un, and beyond sort o' cousin, she weren't naught to you."

"No," said John, putting Nancy's yellow beads away in his breast-pocket; "she weren't nothing to me, but she were going to be. She were going to be Mrs. John Thrupp — some day — poor lass!"

E. HARRISON CLUBBE.

From The Westminster Review.
MADAME MOHL.

IN the spring of 1883, when she had nearly completed her ninetieth year, Madame Mohl passed away from this earthly scene. In the brief interval that has elapsed since her death enough has been written about her to enable us to form a tolerably fair and accurate idea of the manner of woman she was. Two years ago Miss Kathleen O'Meara gave to the world a very readable and entertaining book, under the title of "*Madame Mohl, her Salon and her Friends: a Study of Social Life in Paris.*" It cannot be denied that Miss O'Meara made a very good use of the material at her command, but, unfortunately, that material was neither so full nor so trustworthy as it might, and as it ought to, have been. She herself has told us that she was only able to obtain access to a single letter written by Mary Clarke to her future husband, Julius Mohl, and this belonged to the year 1830, and simply contained an account of the remarkable adventures that befell Miss Clarke at the time of the July revolution. The material, then, at the disposal of Miss O'Meara was scanty. It was also, in some respects at least, unsatisfactory, and there seems to be good ground for believing that as a consequence she has

been betrayed, in some instances, into exaggerations, in others, into downright misstatements of fact. There was, therefore, room for another work and the gap has been well supplied by Mrs. Simpson, the accomplished daughter of the late Mr. Nassau Senior. To her industry and devotion to her old friend's memory we owe the recently published "*Letters and Recollections of Julius and Mary Mohl,*" in which, for the first time, we are presented with full and faithful portraits of the celebrated Oriental scholar and his still more celebrated wife. These "*Letters and Recollections*" enable us to grasp and understand, not merely the outward aspects of the existence, but the inner workings of the mind and character, of a most remarkable woman, who played no mean or inconspicuous part in the social and semi-public life of the age in which her lot was cast.

As we have already seen, the maiden name of Madame Mohl was Mary Clarke. She was born in Millbank Row, Westminster, in 1793, and was the youngest of three children, of whom the eldest was her beautiful and dearly loved sister, Eleanor. Her father was of Irish extraction, and from him, we are told, she inherited her extraordinary vivacity. Her mother was a Scotchwoman, the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Hay. The captain died early, but his widow continued to live in the best society in Edinburgh, and it is worthy of notice that she was intimate with Hume and his contemporaries. Mrs. Clarke enjoyed but indifferent health, and was compelled to go with her mother to live in the south of France. They took little Mary with them, whilst Eleanor remained with her father in England. It is said that Mary never spoke at all till she was three years old, but, if that was so, she undoubtedly made up for it in after years. She was a lively and troublesome child, and, when she was a plague, her grandmother would say to her, "Mary, you are as impudent as a highwayman's horse." To check her turbulent spirit she was sent to a convent school in Toulouse. She always retained a kindly recollection of the nuns, but they did not influence her religious opinions or diminish the buoyancy and sprightliness of her character.

After Mr. Clarke's death, his widow, with her mother and youngest daughter, went to live in Paris, and one of Mary's earliest and liveliest recollections was seeing the Allies enter Paris in 1815, which she did from the back of a trooper's horse. In the mean time, the elder daughter had

been wooed and won by a member of Parliament, Mr. Frewen Turner, of Cold Overton in Leicestershire and Brickwall in Sussex. Mrs. Clarke thought that her daughter Mary was wanting in conventional manners, and accordingly she sent her, at the age of fifteen, to spend a year with her sister at Cold Overton. Here she passed the time pleasantly enough, riding over the country with her brother-in-law, whose pet she became. To her sister she was devotedly attached, and in later years she was a regular and constant visitor at Cold Overton, where she spent some of the happiest moments of her life. Writing thence to Miss Bonham Carter on July 12, 1861, she said: "I came here Saturday; my sister wanted me to come over, and I am fonder of the place than I am of any place in the world, so I was glad to come once more and wander about in the groves and alleys in which I have so often gone dreaming and building castles that never were realized. I suppose I am so fond of it because the total absence of incident leaves me more leisure for my dreamy life than I have anywhere else, and, as one can crowd more thoughts and images and events into one day of mere mental activity than in ten years one can realize, I may really say I have lived centuries in this place, and only a few years in Paris or any other." But it was not the place alone that had such a peculiar fascination for her; her affections had learned to twine around the human beings that inhabited it. Writing at a later date, in August, 1867, when her sister had met with a serious accident, she said: "My dear sister is considerably older than I am. I never spend a year, happen what may, without coming to her, always in a fright lest it may be the last. You may suppose, therefore, the trouble I have been in; for though my husband has a much greater place in my life, though he is my best friend and an incomparable companion, I have an indescribable tenderness for her that I have for no one else, nor ever had, except for my mother. Yet she is much fonder of her sons than of me, and, in fact, I am but a very secondary person in her life. It's odd, but it's true nevertheless."

But we are anticipating, and must resume the thread of our narrative. Great as was Mary Clarke's affection for her sister, her affection for her mother was deeper and tenderer still, and, much as she enjoyed her stay at Cold Overton, she was always glad, whilst her mother was alive, to find herself back in Paris again.

Her mother, she said, had the sweetest temper of any one she had ever known, and she used to attribute her own unflinching spirits to the fact that she had never been snubbed by her. Love of adventure was a passion that was strong in Mary's breast, and she often displayed great ingenuity and originality in finding scope for its exercise. She had long felt an intense desire to see Madame de Staël, and during one of her visits to London she contrived to get her wishes gratified. It was thus that she would tell how her object was accomplished: "My dear, I happened to have a little money in my pocket, so slipped out of the house, called a coach, and ordered the man to drive me to the hotel where Madame de Staël was staying. I had heard that she was looking out for a governess, and I resolved to offer myself. I was shown in; Madame de Staël was there, and the brattikin [a little boy]. She was *très grande dame*, very courteous, asked me to sit down, said I looked very young, and proceeded to ask me my capabilities. I agreed to everything, for I wanted to have a little talk with her. Of course I couldn't have taught him at all; I could never have been bothered with him. So at last she repeated that I was too young, and bowed me out. This was the only time I saw Madame de Staël, and I never told anybody when I got home."

A girl of such sprightliness and originality as Mary Clarke, was sure to gather around her a host of admirers. "I was always an arrant coquette," she wrote in her old age to Mrs. Simpson, "whether in France or England, and am sorry to say the only wise thing is to be a coquette in youth, because it is the only means of self-defence. I think those who are *not* are much gooder; but if I was born an animal and consulted beforehand, I should choose, not to be a lamb, but a cat, with good claws to defend myself. But the men have less heart in England than elsewhere, and are great fools in judging women. Now, I have had some pretty sharp practice all my life in English, French, German, and Italian, and know more of the men folk than most women. I had five admirers at a time once, and could compare, besides seeing more men than women all my youth." It might be thought that a woman who could write thus of her innumerable flirtations must at least have been handsome, but such was not by any means the case. We are able to form some notion of her appearance from the photogravure which forms the frontispiece

of the "Letters and Recollections." The original of this picture, which was drawn by Miss Clarke herself, was given by her to M. Mohl when she thought he was going to the East, and it was found in his desk after his death. It was, we are told, an extremely good likeness, and it certainly represents a most striking and peculiar countenance. The eyes are round and wide open, the nose *retroussé*, and the upper lip long. The expression, however, is not displeasing. "Pray, dearest Emma," wrote Madame Mohl to her American friend, Miss Emma Weston, "write me a line if you get this, to tell me where you are and how you like Scotland. It is nothing without your imagination. The bare hills would be only bare hills but for Scott and Burns, and all they have put into it, and that is why I love it. It is the country of mind, like a face full of expression, whose mere material part would be nothing were it not for the mind and soul that come out at every look." So it was with the face of the writer herself, it was the mind and soul that came out at every look that gave to her countenance its inexpressible charm.

There was nothing conventional or commonplace about Miss Clarke. She was bright, she was intelligent, and above all she was natural. "Rien n'est beau, mais rien n'est difficile, comme le simple." Difficult, however, as the art of being natural undoubtedly is, Miss Clarke possessed it to perfection.

Her conversational powers were extraordinary, and her wit of the most brilliant description. "She loved *esprit*," said Madame d'Abbadie, "and revelled in it as a bee does in honey; all she thought of in talking to you was to get at your mind and enjoy it." Being quick and impulsive by nature, it is not to be wondered at that she sometimes said things in haste which she repented at leisure. Indeed, in her early years she would say anything that came uppermost. This led her grandmother to recommend her to turn her tongue in her mouth seven times before she spoke, but it is not recorded that she ever performed the operation. "I never meant to scold you," she once wrote to her niece Ida, who had taken offence at something she had said, "but you know my temper. I am not gentle; I never was. The vivacity which I cannot help, and which keeps all round me alive, is, perhaps, too dearly paid for by this want of padding, which causes me to rub against others without intending it; but we have the temper which nature gives us, just as

we have the children that nature gives us."

But it was not merely on account of the keenness of her intellect and the brilliancy of her wit that Madame Mohl was respected and admired; she was honored above all because of the warmth of her heart. If she was known to the outside world as a *femme d'esprit*, she was likewise known to those who were more intimate with her as essentially a *femme de cœur*. She was a woman of strong affections, and as life went on she suffered acutely, because it was her fate to outlive almost all who were dearest to her. "Will you tell me when I can go and see you?" she wrote to Mrs. Simpson on the occasion of Mr. Nassau Senior's death. "And how is poor Mrs. Senior? Oh, dear! there is no misfortune in this world but the death of those we love. I have come to that by dint of living." "May God preserve your health," she wrote once more to her niece, "and that of all whom you love. Every other grief is a mere trifle compared with those that touch our affections." It was the combination in her own person of a strong intellect and a gentle heart that lent to Madame Mohl her peculiar fascination. "Anne Elliot," writes the author of that immortal work, "Persuasion," — "Anne Elliot was not out of Captain Wentworth's thoughts when he more seriously described the woman he should wish to meet with. 'A strong mind, with sweetness of manner,' made the first and the last of the description." A strong mind Madame Mohl undoubtedly possessed, and there were times when the sweetness of manner was not wanting. "My uncle," says her niece, "loved my aunt dearly for years before they married. Her lively wit, her childlike innocence, her kindness of heart, and her fickle temper made her so attractive to him."

For seventeen years Julius Mohl wooed Mary Clarke, and it was not till the year 1847 that his devotion and fidelity were rewarded. In the mean time the object of his affections was besieged by a host of admirers. In 1820 her mother went to live in the Rue des Petits Augustins, which thenceforth became the resort of many young men who were destined afterwards to become famous. Amongst them was Quinet the historian, from whom Miss Clarke preserved a whole heap of letters. Another admirer was Thiers. He had come from Marseilles to Paris with the view of pushing his fortunes, and he was introduced to Mrs. and Miss Clarke as to people who would be willing to lend him a

helping hand. "What can you do?" asked Mrs. Clarke. "Je sais manier la plume," was the reply. She accordingly introduced him to the editor of the *Constitutionnel*, and the denouncers of log-rolling will be horrified to learn that the very first article he wrote was in praise of a piece of sculpture that had been executed by a friend of Mrs. Clarke. As time went on Thiers appears to have fallen in love. He was in the habit of coming every evening to the Rue des Petits Augustins, and he would stay till long after midnight. One night the porter became exasperated, and called out to Miss Clarke: "Mademoiselle, j'ai quelque chose à vous dire. Si ce petit étudiant qui vient ici tous les soirs ne s'en va pas avant minuit, je fermerai la porte et j'irai me coucher. Il pourra dormir sous la porte cochère, ça le guérira." Half a century passed away, and Madame Mohl then saw Thiers for the last time. He had come down to Stors, on the invitation of the Chevreux, to make a political speech. "So all the electors came," writes Madame Mohl, "and cheered and made a row. A grand breakfast was given to the grand electors, and a good deal of liquors to the smaller ones in the garden. I think I had the best of it, for my old friend came and talked to me of our early days, and seemed quite glad to see me." A fortnight afterwards the veteran statesman was dead. It is gratifying to think that a man of such restless and consuming energy in the discharge of what he doubtless regarded as his public duty should have had one brief interval of calm repose and happy retrospect so near to the close of his career.

Yet another of her admirers was Claude Fauriel, who was born in 1772, and was, consequently, Miss Clarke's senior by twenty-one years. He was the author of several interesting books, amongst which are included "Les Chants populaires de la Grèce moderne" and "Dante et les Origines de la Langue et la Littérature italiennes." But his personality was even more interesting than his works. He was exceedingly handsome, and extremely agreeable in society. Madame de Staël was one of those who were unable to resist the spell of his influence. "It is not your genius alone that attracts me," she wrote to him, with singular frankness and directness; "that borrows its chief power and originality from your sentiments. You love all noble sentiments, and although you are not, it seems to me, of an impassioned nature, your soul, being pure, delights in all that is noble." A be-

ing of such a nature was certain to possess a powerful attraction for Miss Clarke; nor did she seek to hide the fact from the knowledge of Fauriel himself. "I am often so melancholy that I could die of it," she wrote to the object of her affections, "but my life would be very pleasant if I had letters from you. . . . I think, too, with pleasure over many things that you said to me in the winter, and which were swallowed up at the moment by the fire that was consuming me. Perhaps you have forgotten them. Very likely, indeed, for they were far more important to me than to you. For the matter of that, we are continually killing and giving life by our words without suspecting it." This tender feeling for Fauriel lasted till the day of his death, and when he died he bequeathed to Miss Clarke all his lectures and papers. It was to her a source of melancholy pleasure and satisfaction to edit, and superintend the publication of, the literary remains of her lamented friend. In this task she was assisted by M. Mohl, who was also sincerely attached to M. Fauriel. Indeed, M. Fauriel, M. Mohl, and M. Roulin were the most intimate of comrades and associates, and they were all of them in the habit of spending their evenings in the company of Mrs. and Miss Clarke. One year they went to the East together. "My mother and I," said Madame Mohl to her friend Mrs. Simpson, "spent every evening of that winter alone. I read such a number of books. We would not admit any one, lest it should *contrary* them when they came back."

The death of Mrs. Clarke followed soon after that of Fauriel, and her daughter was then free, if her inclination pointed in that direction, to crown the happiness of M. Mohl. As a matter of fact, she herself offered him marriage, and we may well believe that he did not hesitate long in making sure of his prize. As she was considerably over fifty, and he was seven years her junior, the engagement was kept a profound secret. The ceremony itself was conducted in a most comical fashion. "I gave my two servants warning, my dear," Madame Mohl would say in recounting the adventure, "and told them I was going to travel in Switzerland. You know it is necessary to put up a placard the day before on the church you are going to be married in, announcing the event. So I gave a little boy some money to paste a play-bill over it at once, and waited at the corner of the street to see it done. When the morning came I told my maid I was going to a christening, as an

excuse for putting on my best clothes. I didn't know whether I was standing on my head or my heels. After the ceremony I left Mr. Mohl and my witnesses at the church door, got into a coach, and told the man to drive to 100 Rue du Bac [she lived at 120]. I got out as soon as we arrived, paid the driver, went into the porter's lodge, and asked if Madame Bertrand was at home — this was to give time for the coach to drive off. The porter thought me very stupid. He assured me that no Madame Bertrand had ever lived there, which I knew perfectly well. When I got home I took off my fine clothes and my wedding ring, and packed up for my journey. My servants had no idea that I was married. I did not see Mr. Mohl again for two days, when I met him and our witnesses at the railway station. We all dined together, and Mr. Mohl and I set off for Switzerland; and then, luckily for me, the Duc de Praslin murdered his wife, and everybody talked about that, and forgot me and my marriage."

To her sister, to whom the news came as a surprise, she wrote with pithy abruptness: "As an aunt is like a fifth wheel to a coach, I have been married this morning to Mr. Mohl."

A union begun under these strange and peculiar circumstances lasted happily for nearly thirty years, and was only dissolved by the death of M. Mohl.

Felices ter et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Suprema citius solvet amor die.

M. Mohl was himself a most remarkable man, and was in every way worthy of his spouse. "Un homme," writes Sainte-Beuve in his terse and graphic style, "qui est l'érudition et la curiosité même: M. Mohl, le savant orientaliste, et plus qu'un savant, un sage! esprit clair, loyal, étendu, esprit allemand, passé au filtre anglais, sans un trouble, sans un nuage, miroir ouvert et limpide, moralité franche et pure, de bonne heure revenu de tout; avec un grain d'ironie sans amertume, front chauve et rire d'enfant, intelligence à la Goethe, sinon qu'elle est exempte de toute couleur et qu'elle est soigneusement dépouillée du sens esthétique, comme d'un mensonge." As a scholar M. Mohl will be remembered for his edition and translation of the "Shah Nameh," the famous epic poem of Firdusi, and for the annual reports which he delivered every year from 1840 to 1867 as president of the Société Asiatique. He was a man of

enormous industry, and ceased to labor only when he ceased to live. Madame Mohl sympathized heartily with him in his literary pursuits, and was herself a great lover of letters. If there were no books, she said, the best thing to do would be to hang one's self, for life would not be worth having. "I hope you won't give up your translations to keep house," she wrote to Mrs. Simpson, "though housekeeping is very laudable, the other's your best friend. One's pursuit always is; it sticks so close to one. No disparagement to the connubial tie, which I greatly esteem, but I have observed *that* is improved by not being the only occupation in life; it is then all *agrément* when one don't make it the sole stick to lean upon." Marriage she regarded as a useful partnership of interests, and even after her husband's death her principal anxiety was in some measure to complete his labors, and, as she herself put it, to endeavor to pick up the spars and wrecks of the monument he had tried to erect of ancient civilization. The reprint of the French translation of the "Shah Nameh," or the "Livre des Rois," she published at her own expense.

Attached as the Mohls were to each other, they often visited apart. Paris becomes uncomfortably hot towards the end of June, and it was then that Madame Mohl would take her departure, notwithstanding the fact that her husband was bound by his occupations to remain behind. He used humorously to say that he was held for a myth, because his wife was always gallivanting about alone; but she, for her part, would defend her practice upon principle. "Married folk," she said, "should always separate when they visit, because they each are then making friends and amusement for each other, and when they re-meet they are the more entertaining. In England it is supposed they adore each other (it's all a hum) so much that they never need do anything to amuse each other; but that I totally deny, and why people should cease to play the agreeable because they live together I know not." After M. Mohl's death, however, she took a different view. She persuaded herself that she had not done half of what she ought, and she regarded her long absences from her husband as so much stolen from the happy past. "I came here," she writes from Cold Overton, two years after M. Mohl's decease — "I came here like a wounded bird, and just bear life as well as I can. Only one who knows what my husband was — and very few know it — can understand how utterly bereaved

I am." "Poor old soul," said one who saw her passing in the street, "she looks like a lost dog going about searching for her master." Very touching is her description of her husband's death. "He had been struggling for breath for four or five hours worse and worse. He stroked my face all the time, but could not speak. That stroking has been an ineffable comfort to me; it was an endearment when he could not speak; the only sign he could give me of his affection, and that he knew it was I that was with him."

Julius and Mary Mohl lived during the whole of their married life in an *appartement* in the Rue du Bac, where the Friday evening receptions acquired a European celebrity. In order to understand Madame Mohl's interest in and devotion to society, we must look back once again to the earlier period of her history. Her desire to have a *salon* dates from the time when she made the acquaintance of Madame Récamier, whose close and intimate companion she became. "She was the most extraordinary person I ever knew," Madame Mohl would say in speaking of her friend; "I never knew anybody who could tell a story as she did—*des histoires de société*; she had a great sense of humor, and her own humor was exceedingly delicate, but she never said an unkind thing of any one. *I loved Madame Récamier.*"

From 1819 to 1849 Madame Récamier held her court at the Abbaye-au-Bois, and there in 1831 Mrs. Clarke and her daughter went to reside. As a consequence, Miss Clarke was brought into daily and hourly contact with the many remarkable men and women who frequented Madame Récamier's salon. The reigning deity was M. de Châteaubriand, to amuse and interest whom all the energies and talents of hostess and of guests were directed. This distinguished Frenchman had been spoilt by admiration, and had, so to speak, become intoxicated with himself. Ennui had become with him a malady, and he was often heard to say that he wished he could make it settle in his leg, for then he could have it cut off. For Madame Récamier he entertained the warmest affection. She was "the star whose soft light guided his path." Every morning he wrote a letter to her, and every afternoon at three o'clock he paid her a visit. At four o'clock other visitors were admitted, and then commenced the reading, bit by bit, as they were written, of the memoirs of M. de Châteaubriand, which after his death were given to the world, under the

title of "*Mémoires d'Outre Tombe.*" The person who officiated as reader was M. Lenormant, whose wife it was who edited the "*Souvenirs et Correspondance tirés des Papiers de Madame Récamier.*" With this work Madmae Mohl was by no means well satisfied. To those who had enjoyed Madame Récamier's conversation in her latter years, these recollections had, she said, much the same effect that a *hor-tus siccus* of tropical flowers would have on a traveller just returned from seeing them in their native country. Accordingly, she herself set to work to write about her departed friend. It will be remembered that George Eliot was particularly sensitive to criticism, and that in the interest, as it was thought, of her art, Mr. Lewes was careful to keep all reviews and critiques of her works far away from her sight. Madame Mohl shared to some extent the same feeling. "I gave myself no end of trouble with my article," she wrote to Mrs. Gaskell, "and talked so much about it in the house that Mr. Mohl did nothing but laugh at me—I might as well have played the flute—so I never showed it to him; he is so discouraging." In the same strain she wrote to her "dearest coz," Miss Bonham Carter: "I must not have a critic that is too severe, as they discourage me, and I throw it aside and can't work; it is a thing not sufficiently considered, that animal spirits are the first ingredient for doing anything. Criticism entirely stops the current, at least with me. I'm convinced that is the reason why art is so brilliant at its birth. There are no critics. The artist goes helter-skelter, enjoying his creations. The more sympathy he obtains, the quicker his ideas flow; but if he stops one minute to think of all the faults, and all the indifference, he is iced, and he really can't help it." In spite, however, of the criticism which "clips the wings of genius and invention," the article made its appearance, and was so favorably noticed in the press that it was afterwards expanded into the delightful little "*Memoir of Madame Récamier,*" which not only contains a very interesting life of a most remarkable woman, but is also enriched by some striking and original observations on the position occupied by women in society in France and England respectively. This was a topic to which Madame Mohl was ever ready, with or without provocation, to recur, and there are few subjects upon which her views are more worthy of attention and consideration. "I have done justice," she writes, "to the good feelings of the men in En-

gland when they like a lady; but as a sex they think women inferior—they have no money, they are to obey their husbands. Of course there are exceptions; but public opinion puts them in a very different position here in France, and especially it never comes into any one's head that women are born to nurse and look after the men folk. What little women possess of independence all over Europe is due to the French of the eleventh and twelfth centuries." "In England a woman's beauty and her virtues are what every man thinks of in a wife. He talks with rapture of the woman who will nurse him and make his tea; but she is *his* wife; he cares nothing for the society of any other woman, neither is this wife anything to the rest of society. In France such gifts are, of course, valuable to the husband, but the wife has others which are important not only to him, but to society, to whom her nursing capabilities and her coffee are not so interesting as her companionable qualities. 'A-t-elle de l'esprit?' is the first question asked, and the husband is as much interested in it as his friends; for not only will her *esprit* amuse him when they are alone, but it will also make his house the resort of an agreeable circle, and he is scarcely French if he is indifferent to these advantages." Madame Récamier was famous for her *esprit*, and she was the utterer of sayings that deserve to live. What could be truer or more forcible than this?—"Il n'y a que la raison qui ne fatigue pas à la longue."

In the formation and management of her salon Madame Mohl took Madame Récamier as her model, and a better model for imitation it would not have been possible to discover. With what success she entered upon a labor that was destined to become the vocation of her life is now known to all the world. It would be tedious to enumerate all the distinguished men and women of different nationalities who enjoyed the modest hospitality of the Rue du Bac. For it was not meat and drink, but brilliant conversation, that lured the *élite* of society to her table. She did not share the stupid admiration of the vulgar for mere riches, rank, or success. Of luxury and display she was the determined foe. An Englishman once asked a friend who was taking him to the Rue du Bac, whether he was expected to appear in a white cravat. "Madame Mohl would not notice if you appeared without any cravat," was the reply; "all she expects of you is to be agreeable."

It is not, then, a matter for surprise that

Madame Mohl made not merely acquaintances, but friends. Amongst these are to be numbered the Stanleys and the Bruces. Arthur Stanley, who was travelling with his mother and sister, she met by accident on the Lake of Como, and it was her good fortune to introduce him to his future wife, Lady Augusta Bruce. They sat next to each other at dinner, and the dean was so charmed with his neighbor that he afterwards said to his mother, "If I were in a mind to marry, I have seen the woman that would suit me." Writing at the time of the marriage, Madame Mohl says, "It seems Arthur is as much in love as if he were twenty, or rather, perhaps, as if he were a good deal older than he is; old passions are stronger than young ones." Nor was Lady Augusta Bruce the only member of her family with whom the Mohls were acquainted. With her mother, Lady Elgin, M. Mohl used to spend his evenings in playing dominoes. "Lady Elgin," he writes, "is at St. Germain; she has kept all her sincerity, but her mind is more and more rusted, and the hinges move with greater difficulty. Her good angel, Augusta, is gone back to England. I must go this evening there to play two games at dominoes with her, for which purpose I must leave my house at half past five and be back at eleven o'clock." Of Lady Elgin's son, the late Lord Elgin, to whose high character and winning personality such ample testimony has been borne by so many persons of eminence and distinction, Madame Mohl speaks in the following terms:—

I saw Lord Elgin last night; he was delightful. He talked of China and Japan for two hours. He's so natural, so just, so humane, so sensible, it's a comfort that such a man should be in power; but will he be, in the absurd way in which everything goes on? Perhaps they'll make some fool Governor-General or Minister. He was in perpetual fight with the English at Canton, to protect the natives against them. We can have no idea how they are put upon by the scampy English who go there.

Well might Madame Mohl thank Providence for the gentle spirits with whom it had been her privilege to come in contact. One by one, however, they passed away, whilst she continued to live on. Lady Elgin was the first to go. "I spent an evening," writes Madame Mohl, "with Lady Augusta. I dined there, and we sat alone in the dark in the drawing-room, talking of the past. Poor thing! she is so tender, her mind is so sweet." Lord Elgin died on the eve of Lady Augusta's

marriage, and last of all came *her* turn to depart. The letter in which Madame Mohl wrote to condole with the dean on his loss is so simple, so candid, and so honest that we shall make no apology for quoting it in full.

I was and am [she writes] overwhelmed with grief. You are now as bereaved as I am; we are both deprived of all that made life enjoyable. I do what I can to bear it. I wish, however, to live long enough to execute my dear husband's wishes, and then I wish to die, for life is fatiguing to me. I wish I had as firm a faith as you have, my dear Arthur. I wish I could buy that sturdy belief, that we should surely meet again, which I see in other people; but I have not been brought up in it, and faith is a habit of the mind. I am, therefore, more to be pitied than you are, and I could look at you with envy, if it were not that my friendship for you makes me glad that you have such a trust. I wish you could impart it to me, I am sure you would be glad. I don't say it is *not* so; I only don't feel as many do whom I have seen *without* a doubt.

It is in passages such as this that we see the real strength of Madame Mohl's character. It was her transparent sincerity and straightforwardness that attracted to her so many men and women "endowed with highest gifts," and enabled her to say, in writing to Lady Augusta: "I thank God more often than I can say for having blessed me with the intimacy of such fine minds as I have enjoyed and housed in my mind. You and Arthur are in good company, I assure you." The same quality of simplicity and directness comes out in her literary judgments, some of which are really striking in their force and originality. Take, for example, the following: "I forget if I told you that Mr. Browning read me Carlyle's letters, and that every word bites into the very flesh. They are better than his books. I know but one creature who writes something in that way; it is Mirabeau's father. His letters are the finest in the French language for style. His son was a rhetorician compared to him. I'm sure Browning is an original writer, he is so very genuine."

We have left ourselves very little space in which to speak of her political opinions, and perhaps it may be enough to say that, so far as English politics are concerned, she detested Lord Palmerston, and avowed that the Whigs had changed her into a most determined Tory, whilst on the Continent her *bête noire* was Louis Napoleon. Writing in 1860, she said: "The state of things is such that it cannot remain as it is, and the fellow will get out of it by a new war, which also he will

gain again, and so he will go on until a new coalition spits him out of Europe as it did his uncle. The race is essentially barbarous and incompatible with civilization. The uncle was a brute, and this one is a conspirator." And again: "The red woman of Babylon is unimprovable, and all harm she comes to is well merited. If the pope could eat up the emperor I would applaud, and if the emperor eats up the pope I can't be sorry, only I hope he will not agree with him. What a mess this fellow has made of the world!"

There is one other quality of Madame Mohl's of which a word must be spoken, and that is her humor. It comes out very strongly in her letters, from which we have already quoted pretty copiously, and it comes out again, and, if possible, more strongly still, in her conversation. From innumerable instances of this delightful quality the following specimens are taken at random: "I shall write to Mrs. Clive about her book. I shall like to see 'Why Paul Ferroll killed his Wife,' though I must say I know so many who have capital reasons for so doing that it will be easy enough to explain." "My chief going place has been Madame de Circourt's, who talks of you with *ravissement*—'That's a dangerous word in English,' a man said one day; it was not Hayward." "Mr. Mohl seemed impervious to all fun, and looked like a man who had been hung and cut down before his last gasp." One of her droll phrases was, "My dear, I am so fond of him that it makes me quite uncomfortable;" and if she had been seated next to a young lady, she would say, "My dear, I felt so ashamed of not being a young man." Even in the moment of death this charming and characteristic faculty remained undimmed, for when her favorite cat jumped on her bed she said, "Il est si distingué, sa femme ne l'est pas du tout, mais il ne s'aperçoit pas; il est comme beaucoup d'hommes en cela."

We have now passed rapidly over the principal points in Madame Mohl's character and the leading incidents in her career. It remains to ask ourselves the question whether the object to which she devoted her life was a worthy one; whether it really was worth while to expend so much talent and so much energy on the business of having a salon. The rightful answer to this question is a decided and emphatic affirmative.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

It cannot be denied that Madame Mohl

acted well her part in the drama of life, nor was that part a mean or insignificant one. There was, it is true, a marked contrast between the Sunday afternoons in the drawing-room at the Priory and the Friday evenings at the salon in the Rue du Bac. About George Eliot there ever brooded an air of grave and self-conscious responsibility; it was said of her that, in her conversation, "elle s'écoutait quand elle parlait" — she seemed to be listening to her own voice while she spoke. Madame Mohl, on the other hand, was light, and bright, and gay; her object was to make people happy — in a word, to please; "Car au fond," she said, "il n'y a que cela." Each of these distinguished women, in her own sphere, rendered great services to humanity; each of them labored unceasingly with the most benevolent motives for the most beneficent ends.

There is
One great society alone on earth:
The noble Living and the noble Dead.

To this society Madame Mohl, no less than George Eliot, belongs.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
BENACUS.

A CALM New Year's day: the lake a still pale blue, an impalpable haze against the horizon shrouding the base of the mountains and leaving only visible their snows, which, touched already by the first pink of the early winter sunset, seem to hang mysteriously in air, cloudlike or dreamlike. It is a day to choose for a row round the bay. The houses of Salò, of a hundred different heights and breadths, a wild sort of architecture of ups and downs, trim the shore with the gay colors of their painted walls, and the bright green of the oleanders and magnolias springing from the scrap of terrace garden which is wedged in somehow or nohow between window and water. Anything more inviting than an outside view of Salò cannot be thought of, though, as a matter of fact, the inside of the little town is composed of one narrow, long, dark street. It is the same with most Italian townlets; if you want to carry away a wholly favorable impression be content with the outside view.

But at Salò there is, as there is also in every Italian town, one open cheerful spot, the piazza — scene of all the business and all the idleness of the place. Here the diligence stops, and here on New Year's

day a bright, gesticulating crowd moves to and fro, and on every side the words "*Buone feste*," "*Buon principio*, e buona fine," mingle with the lively airs which the band is playing, while at the landing-stage the steamer, gay in its holiday flags, arrives from Desenzano.

The shadows deepen and the sun dips behind the hills towards Brescia. As we go home the oars of the rowers turn up marvellous changing splendors, as one might who should dig for treasure in a fabled Eastern mine — gold changing to orange, orange to crimson, crimson to purple, purple to indigo, which, of a sudden, becomes illuminated with innumerable traceries of silver. The moon has risen. It is not easy on such a day to realize the truth of the lines, —

Teque
Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens Benace marino,

yet even now, as I write, the waves are roaring in my ears as Virgil heard them roar. The greater depth and expanse of water make the Lake of Garda more than any other of the Italian lakes liable to storms. No sea is so unmanageable as a lake in a storm. In the sea you have long lines of waves, the force and direction of which you can in some degree calculate; but a lake between mountains turns into a cauldron of seething water, not one wave taking the same course as its fellow, but all gathering and closing in around you with a rage that seems demoniac — or human.

Rough weather in winter may last for days together, but the more dangerous storms of spring and summer come up suddenly and are of brief duration. It used to be the plan all over Lombardy to ring the tocsin on the first sign of a change; the practice is not allowed now, but it had its utility, for the shepherd resting in the mountains, or the fisherman mending his nets may easily suspect nothing till the hurricane is upon him. The boatmen show no small skill in piloting their long heavy craft with deep yellow sails; and the rowers, always on foot, contrive to give a great impetus to their stroke by letting the weight of their bodies do the chief part of the work. They hold one oar in front and one behind them, and swing slowly to and fro in an attitude little less graceful than that of the Venetian gondoliers. These men express their scorn of the sitting posture, which does not even let you see where you are going. A big boat, properly manned, may come scathless out of the worst of storms; but

a light pleasure-skiff, were it caught in mid-lake in one of those tremendous ten minutes of wind, would have hardly the faintest chance of ever reaching land, unless it were keel uppermost.

I was in the hills once on an April day. The weather was fine, but all at once it became unnaturally warm, and there were a few distant claps of thunder. I went to the ridge where the red tulips grow, thinking they would be in bloom, and found several; then I descended rapidly to the house with small hopes of escaping the rain. The claps grew louder and more frequent, and a darkness thickened over the mountains and moved southwards; but for half an hour there was no rain and I had reached shelter before the hail came rattling down. The lake was the color of steel and the air densely dark. Presently the hail ceased, and the increasing faintness of the thunder showed that the storm was moving on. A magnificent rainbow, perfect from end to end, spanned the lake from the Isola de' Frati to the mountains behind Gardone, the prism of its southern base being reflected with intense vividness. In the brilliant light that accompanied the rainbow, the open lake along the horizon was seen to be a mass of trulent white waves. The tops of the higher hills shone with the frost of unmelted hailstones. Soon the sky grew overcast again, but a rift here and there let through a lurid light as of a fire. These rifts closed up, and every object was enveloped in cloud except Torre, on the Veronese shore, fourteen miles away, which stood out in unaccountable sunshine. By the evening the white waves had vanished; the sky was of a faded forget-me-not blue; everything looked tired. Flash upon flash of sheet lightning throbbed from east to south; then the intervals lengthened between these last storm-signals; the quiet stars burnt in the clear night; and the even splash of the water on the stone wall told that the *temporale* had come and gone.

My old boatman, Turazza, can tell the story of many a fatal storm. He can tell you, too, of this strange characteristic of the lake—that what it gets it keeps; it never gives up its dead. A good many years ago the captain of an Austrian gunboat (it was in the days of the Austrians) had taken a party of friends for a pleasure-trip; through some carelessness, or the desire to attain an impossible speed, the machinery broke down, and about forty persons perished. Among the drowned were the young Count Arrighi

and his wife; their children had been left behind by a mere chance with the grandfather at Maderno, and so were saved. On that occasion not a single body was recovered. Again, a woman, washing linen by the shore, put out in a boat to grasp some fragment which had slipped from her hand; when her companions looked round she was gone, and not a trace of her was ever seen.

Turazza has a repertory of other stories, less melancholy. He is indeed a perfect specimen of a type fast passing away, the popular *raconteur*. Nowadays one wonders rather how such a person can exist; how stories and legends could ever have been handed down from father to son by word of mouth for hundreds of years. An Englishman of the lower class gets confused over the narration of the commonest fact; he repeats and contradicts himself, stumbles, wanders, breaks down. To tell a story which would occupy four or five pages of print in unhurried but unhalting language, every word of which might stand just as it is spoken, would be a feat entirely beyond his powers; or if he did perform it, it would be by dint of having learnt the story by heart only the day before, in which case you would see that he was saying a lesson—the negation of the story-teller's as of the orator's art. Now Turazza will run right on, with a connected thread never broken, preserving all the time a spontaneous and even confidential tone, as though he were giving you a piece of private intelligence about his own grandmother.

On St. Peter's day, Turazza says there must always be a thunderstorm. Because why? Because *la mamma di San Piero* was on her way to the gates of Paradise when an erring woman-soul clung to her skirts, so that it might slip in when the gates were thrown wide to receive so honored an arrival. But the saint's mother had not a very good temper; perhaps she was somewhat puffed up by her son's position; anyhow she kicked that trustful soul till it could hold on no longer. Then happened this wonder. When the gates were reached, St. Peter's mother fell down, down, right to the bottom of the pit; but the soul she had ill-used passed through without an effort, and entered into bliss. Every time St. Peter's feast comes round, on June 29th, *la mamma* goes to the gates and cries and groans for admittance; so loud does she groan that you hear the noise even down here, where it sounds like thunder.

Here is another story, this time of local

origin. It must be known that Desenzano possesses the *corpi santi*, the holy bodies of Saints Vincenzo, Benigno, and Anastasio. Now there were other of the lake populations that were envious of this good fortune, and once upon a time some inhabitants of Malcesine, over there under the lee of Monte Baldo, set out with the resolve of carrying off the *corpi santi* and bringing them home. They managed, in fact, to convey the prize to their boat, but lo! when they would fain have rowed away they rowed and rowed but the boat stood stock still. Then the people of Desenzano came out and surprised them, and recovered the relics. Every year, on the first Sunday after January 22nd, high festival is held at Desenzano in memory of the miracle; a bridge is thrown across the port, over which passes the procession; and on the lake is an anchored boat which is rowed vigorously, but naturally without the effect of moving it, by persons who represent the thieves, and who between whiles pass round the bottle and play at dice, pretending to be casting lots for the garments of the *corpi santi*.

Turazza is a fine, hale old man, who keeps his hands clean, and is always dressed with an exactitude which gives him a little bit of a dandified air, in spite of the homeliness of cut and cloth. In his youth he was one of the best and strongest rowers on the lake. To complete his biography, I have to own that though never seen the worse for his indulgence, yet my friend is not what you would call a teetotaler. Hence his sister-in-law, who keeps his house, allows him no voice in the administration of the finances. She ties up the purse-strings with a security that has provoked on his part this small revenge—for any fresh-water herring or sprat he may happen to catch and bring to the house he makes her pay. Once, as we rowed lazily after a June sunset, Turazza was asked if the *osterie* had been full the day before, which was the *fête* of the Statute.

"Yes, they had, and there had been a good deal of drinking done, *cara Madre!* Some people had very strong heads, that was sure!"

"What was the most you ever drank in one day, Turazza?"

"Well, the most I ever drank in one day was seventy-two glasses," said he modestly. "That was in the old days when wine was abundant, and so good!"

It was suggested that if wine was no longer what it was, there was still plenty of water. But the argument found no

favor. "Water! As if any one could drink water! It has no taste. Water is good to cook with and to wash in; that is the use of water."

According to Turazza, the ancient city of Benacus is at the bottom of the bay of Salò. The tradition of the lost city exists equally at various points along this shore. Some would have us to suppose that it was built out into the lake on piles, like Venice, in a site between Maderno and Toscolano, and that it perished in an earthquake about the year A. D. 243. Indeed, sharp eyes have seen distinctly the remains of palaces and lordly buildings down underneath the clear water. The dwellers on the Veronese bank say (a little out of jealousy, perhaps) that the city of Benacus is pure moonshine, and never existed at all. However that may be, the whole riviera of Salò abounds in Roman inscriptions; which show both that there were settlements here, possibly replacing older Etruscan colonies, and that Roman patricians came with their families and servants to spend part of the year on these shores, whose salubrious air was renowned throughout Italy.

On the Lake of Garda Goethe first beheld the land where the lemon-trees bloom. Here he first satisfied the passionate longing which breathes through that song, a longing which had become so intolerable to him, that for some time before he could actually start for Italy he could not bear to open a book of Italian travels or even the pages of a Latin author. There are flowers to be found in the lemon-gardens the whole year through, but May is the full flowering-time. The lemons are not what they were before they were attacked some thirty years ago by a disease which has destroyed nearly all the old plants, patriarchs some of them, which yielded yearly as many as three thousand lemons. It has been found that the lemon grafted on the wild orange is not susceptible to the disease; but meantime the facilities of transport from Sicily to Trieste have spoilt the German market for Garda lemons, and the cultivation of them, once the source of much wealth, is no longer a paying concern. Only those who have made a study of the care of the more delicate citrons, grow them with profit, Salò having become famous of late years for the manufacture of a liqueur therefrom which is said to have many virtues. For the rest, the proprietors keep up the gardens chiefly because they have not the heart to do away with what for centuries has been the peculiar pride of the lake. A large ex-

pense is involved in covering and uncovering them in autumn and spring. The tall white columns which support the screens of glass and wood give a classic framework to the scenery, or so at least it has always seemed to me. To the eyes of a recent American traveller who, for a wonder, includes the Lake of Garda in his account of the lakes of upper Italy, they looked "like innumerable whitewashed palings;" and he adds, "As the steamboat passes them they criss-cross with the most annoying rapidity." Everything is a matter of taste.

Happily one is not bound to be always thinking of the meagre balance-sheet to the steward's reports, and the lemon-orchards, if not profitable, are still enjoyable. The air is still laden in the late May evenings with the intense sweetness of the blossom, while around you dart and dance the fireflies, luminous with the rapture of their brief lives—a waltz of stars. It is only in the summer nights, when the commonplace surroundings to our modern existence are hidden out of sight, that the magic of Italian nature can be felt—a magic that has passed into what is supreme in Italian art; above all in the art which, borrowing nothing from external nature, has a subtler bond with the spirit of Nature than the rest; an affinity not to be defined and yet not to be ignored by such as would penetrate the mystery of sound. How often on these scent-laden nights have I seemed to return to a country long since visited! and if I asked myself when I had been here before, the memory came back of some bar of music heard long ago—of that Italian music which will not die even to please those wise critics who give all their breath to proving that there can be one only road to salvation.

By June all the insect world is alive. Lizards that look at you out of their soft, appealing eyes; long-horned beetles, buzzing flies, chafers, grasshoppers, cicadas, locusts. English writers commonly assume that "cicala" is an ornamental name for grasshopper, but two creatures more radically unlike it would not be easy to find. The locust is only an occasional visitor; once or twice he came in force and established for himself a bad reputation. The children of the Provençal coast call him *prédicateur*, because of the amusing movements of his long arms which suggest to their not too reverential minds the image of M. le Curé in the pulpit.

The large water-frogs play the bass viol in all the fountains, while the small green

tree-frogs sing to each other from among the olive boughs a gay, persistent duet, repeated and multiplied on every side. The frogs, the cicadas, and the grasshoppers are the head musicians here, where birds are silent.

There are scorpions, too; though not nearly so many as on the damper shores of the Lago Maggiore. I indeed have never seen but one, which had been brought up, no doubt, in a wood-basket, as I found it walking on the floor of my room one December night. I kept it for three weeks in a glass jar to observe its habits. It slept by day, and came out at dusk from the leaves I had placed at the bottom of the jar. I could not be sure that it ate anything, but it seemed content. The most curious habit of the scorpion, that of committing suicide when surrounded by fire, I was not disposed to test; and after the time mentioned I gave my specimen its liberty.

The old German rendering of Lago di Garda into Garten-See is singularly felicitous, for, apart from the lemons, all the fruits of the earth flourish exceedingly on its banks. Above all is Salò famous for figs, delicately green outside, with deep red hearts; if sunshine had a taste it would be like theirs. But the scenery takes its dominant note less from the fruit-trees, which hide their riches in walled inclosures, than from the universal evergreens, the cypress, the olive, and the bay laurel. Winter can hardly change the face of these mountain-sides. The berries of the bay-trees are gathered for the extraction of an oil which is used in the manufacture of prussic acid; afterwards the husks are given to cattle, which are said to thrive on them. As one treads the ground the fallen leaves give forth a delicious fragrance. There are days also when the cypress fills the air around with an aromatic perfume, and no incense can be sweeter than the wood when burnt. If you wake in the night, when by chance a log has been thrown on your hearth, it is not hard to persuade yourself that you are on your funeral pyre.

One curious effect I have noticed on some rare occasions in the cypress groves—from each column of thick foliage rises a spire of what seems unmistakably to be smoke. The first time I saw it, thoughts of forest conflagrations came into my mind, and I imagined that the trees were really on fire. The explanation seems to be that an imperceptible breeze stirs the pollen with which the higher boughs are covered in spring-time, and carries it upwards.

Almost the only deciduous tree conspicuous on the lake frontage of these hills is the mulberry, which in May is stripped of the whole of its leaves to minister to the wants of the voracious and all-absorbing silkworms. For three weeks the minds and hands of men, women, and children are devoted to this one service. The proprietors, even those who stay in their town houses all the rest of the year, come out into the country to give their personal attention to the *bachi*. If the worms are not fed every two hours night and day; if the rooms where they are bred are not kept perfectly fresh, and at an even temperature, by means of fires and open windows; if the strictest cleanliness be not observed—adieu to all hopes of a good cocoon harvest! The people might learn a useful lesson from the hygienic necessities of these small creatures.

The great preponderance of evergreens takes away something from the sentiment of the spring. But a mile or two over the hills—inland, one would say, were the lake a sea—the pleasure of young green leaves is to be found in cool, quiet valleys, where there are rich thickets of oak and woods of chestnut, and where the nightingale sings. Such a valley there is beyond the sanctuary of San Michele, threaded for further refreshment by the clear Barbarano, a mountain stream, which near the lake is closed in between the walls of a narrow ravine, and becomes a foaming torrent. It is one of the “thousand founts and more” that Dante speaks of:—

Per cento fonti e più credo si bagna
Fra Garda e Valcamonica Penino
Dell' acqua che nel detto lago stagna.

The gorge itself is a scene of wild beauty. Splashing and whirling down comes the imprisoned river, here falling in clouds of spray over the rocks, there setting in motion the wheels of the stone and flour mills at the mouth of the gorge. To follow the precarious path past these mills is not very safe, for the movement of a goat, or the process of natural disintegration, may set loose an avalanche, not indeed of imposing appearance, but sufficient, if received on the head, to end all earthly troubles. The rocks are of a friable conglomerate, and good for nothing; stones for building purposes have to be brought across from San Vigilio on the spurs of Monte Baldo, a mountain presenting points of extreme interest to the man of science, for it is not only extraordinarily rich in fossils, but also it has shown a long series of phenomena of a kind that

suggests the possibility of its being an unborn volcano.

On one December day, I went up the gorge of the Barbarano, without expecting to see marvels, but marvels there were. The walls, even to the top, were clothed in icicles, some spiral, some thicker than a man's arm and several yards in length. They looked in the sun, to my eyes, like the pipes of a vast organ. To the peasants they suggest the picture of tapers ranged in tiers behind the altar on a feast-day, and hence are called by them *candellette*.

In a certain place on the overhanging bank grows a family of sweet cyclamens. Each flower and plant has its favorite haunt and zone. There is a steep slope fringed with aloes, which is the only place where I have found the creamy narcissus. Not far away flourishes its brother, the yellow jonquil; near also, though in quite a different dominion, there is a terrace gorgeous with the tongues of fire of the gladiolus, and the or and azure blazon of the iris. A still pool in a hollow up the mountain-side is edged and garnished with perpetual maidenhair; over it, from a fissure in the rock, hangs a jasmine vine, and in winter, by the margin, the Christmas rose lifts its whiteness out of a cluster of dark leaves—true nun of flowers, serene and unresponsive. In the neighborhood of this pool the grass vanishes under a carpet of violets, blue, pied, and white. Higher in the hills there is the home of the deep purple anemone; and when you have walked a long, long way, climbing always higher and higher, you come to the home of the star-eyed Alpine hepatica.

By the time one has reached the hepaticas he is fairly on the road to Serniga. Seven or eight poor cottages, and one house a little better than the others, which belongs to the *padrone* of the village; a little old church, bearing the date 1467, and perched just at the right point to take the view, according to the sublime instinct which impelled the Christian monks, and perhaps also the pious men of every faith, to dedicate to God's worship the spots whence nature seemed most fair—this is Serniga. It is a lonely little place in the daytime, when its people are in the fields, trimming their vines or hoeing the maize. Once I went and came away without seeing a living soul except the priest's mouse-colored cat; it would have seemed a place of the dead had I not heard the voice of a girl singing.

The view from the church is not easily forgotten. Across the breadth of water

to the north-east rises Monte Baldo, which through winter and far into the spring carries its snows with as lordly an air as any Alp. Once indeed I saw it white from the blue of the lake to the blue of the sky. South of Monte Baldo, the point of San Vigilio screens Garda, where the good Adelaide, widowed queen of Italy, was shut up in a dungeon by her husband's murderer because she would not marry him. In the foreground lies the picturesque Isola de' Frati, in which tradition and geological probability see a continuation of the low promontory of Portese, which flanks the Bay of Salò. Beyond the promontory a bold black headland of eccentric shape runs abruptly into the lake. This is the Rocca di Manerba, once the site of a temple to Minerva, and later a stronghold which was the scene of desperate affrays down to the seventeenth century, when, having become the haunt of robber bands, it was destroyed by order of the Venetian republic. Here, as everywhere, a village grew up near the castle, the peasants preferring, on the whole, the tyranny of the party chiefs to the lawlessness of the unprotected open country. The village of Manerba has survived the fortress. It is now, what it must always have been, a poor place; but the village church of Manerba has the sweetest bells I have ever heard in Italy. Sounds that are lost in the plain can be clearly distinguished in the stillness of the hills. On the eve of a saint's day the voices of the bells travel up, now from one, now from another of the little human centres: Manerba's sad, slow modulations are succeeded by Portese's *allegro*; then fall in the chimes of San Felice, of Gardone, of Mornaga — the tiny hamlet whose inhabitants say, "Rome is the first place in the world, Mornaga the second." They are not all equally sweet, but mountains and water make even harsh tones mellow, and they all bring the same pathetic message. Around those belfries for centuries children have played and men and women labored.

The silence has given way, once and again, to sounds other than that of the chiming of bells. There is Peschiera with its long roll of warlike memories, beginning in fratricidal strife and ending in the worthier struggle for freedom and unity. Close by, on clear days, the ribbon of the Mincio shows where it leaves the lake and starts upon its journey towards Mantua through sedgy fields. To the hither side of Peschiera, the equality of the level line of shore is broken by a long,

narrow strip of projecting land, broadening at its end. We see it distinctly from these heights, and it is a sight always interesting and welcome, for was it not this which won for the lake its crown of crowns, a song from Catullus? —

Sirmio, thou fairest far beneath the sky
Of all the isles and jutting shores that lie
Deeply embosomed in calm inland lake,
Or where the waves of the vast ocean break:
Oh, joy of joys to gaze on thee once more!
I scarce believe that I have left the shore
Of Thynia, and Bithynia's parching plain,
And gaze on thee in safety once again!
Oh, what more sweet than when, from care
set free,
The spirit lays its burden down, and we,
With distant travel spent, come home and
spread
Our limbs to rest along the wished-for bed?
This, this alone, repays such toils as these.
Smile then, fair Sirmio, and thy master
please;
And you, bright Lydian waves, your dimples
trim,
Let every smile of home be wreathed for him.*

Walter Savage Landor said truly, "Never was a return home expressed so sensitively and so beautifully as here." But it is more than a return to home — it is a return to a home so beautiful that he who should come back to it after a lapse of time must wonder what could have tempted his steps away. And the unchanging ripples laugh their salutation to the tired wanderer of these days as they laughed to Catullus. "Whoever has seen," Landor goes on to say, "this beautiful expanse of water under its bright sun and gentle breezes will understand the poet's expression; he will have seen the waves laugh and dance."

E. MARTINENGO-CESARESCO.

* Sir Theodore Martin's translation.

From Nature.

A REVIEW OF LIGHTHOUSE WORK AND
ECONOMY IN THE UNITED KINGDOM
DURING THE PAST FIFTY YEARS.

III.

THE growth of improvement in lighthouse towers, lanterns, and apparatus has been glanced at. The source of light, or lamps and their aliment, must now be considered. It is probable that the *phari* of antiquity were open wood fires of great size on the summit of high towers or headlands. *Ignes* and *flammi* are terms used by Pliny and others, and Statius compares the *pharos* to the moon, not to a star as a

modern poet would rather do. Yet Lucan speaks of *lampada*, and Pliny fears that the flames might be mistaken for a constellation. But in these times oil could hardly have been used, as no form of lamp known could be applied with success. For two thousand years the illuminant was mainly wood or coal. The Cordouan, in 1610, was kindled with oak logs. Coal fires were burnt at Harwich in the end of the eighteenth century. The Lizard was a coal fire in 1812. St. Bees ceased to be one only in 1822. The Isle of May remained a coal light for 181 years. It is now the single specimen of the electric light in Scotland. Sperm oil was not used before 1730, and then but on a small scale until the burners of Argand in 1783 and the reflectors of Teulère in the same year changed the character of lighthouse illumination. The Eddystone in 1759 threw its first beams over the waters from ten pounds of tallow candles, for which, in 1811, wax was substituted.

But in 1837 sperm oil was the general aliment for our catoptric lights. In that year the oxy-oil lamp was proposed by Mr. Gurney. The principle of this light, known as the Bude, was a stream of oxygen injected into an oil flame, and it has since been tried with gas flames. It was followed by the Drummond lime-light, and by ignited platinum wire and various pyrotechnic mixtures. The Bude and Drummond lights were tried by the Trinity House without successful result. In 1845 a Parliamentary inquiry on oils led to the choice of rape-seed as a substitute for spermaceti, and in 1860 vegetable oil was being used everywhere, with perhaps a little gas for small lights. The single lamp of the dioptric system was then in England and Ireland the "fountain," and in Scotland the mechanical or clockwork lamp, as used in France, both having four concentric wicks. It was with this lamp that Fresnel established his first light at the Tour de Cordouan in 1822. So far as can be ascertained, the electric spark was first practically suggested for a lighthouse in 1852 or 1853 (Holmes), or in 1854 (Watson), as will be later referred to. In 1860, Professor G. B. Airy wrote to the royal commissioners on lights: "At present the great excellence of a lighthouse is, or may be, the optician's part. The great defect and waste is in the source of light." Coal gas had been introduced in 1837 at the inner pier light of Troon (Ayrshire), and in 1847 it was used in the Hartlepool Heugh dioptric sea-light. From 1865 to 1867, gas was proposed for lighthouses in

Ireland, but not officially adopted. In the same period, mineral oil, which had become familiar to English people in domestic lighting, and had been used in French lighthouses in lamps of a single wick and apparatus not larger than the fourth order, was much discussed as a suitable illuminant for sea-lights. After a long course of official experiment and inquiry, the unreserved use of mineral oil was authorized for lighthouses on land, and the Flamborough Head was the first Trinity light to receive the new illuminant (1872). One name is here worthy of distinction. Capt. H. H. Doty may justly be regarded as the chief demonstrator of the "promise and potency" of mineral oil. He also constructed a burner with multiple wicks which produced steady and brilliant flames. This burner is not, however, novel in its elements or combinations, and other petroleum burners of equal and superior merit have since been introduced. It is not on the Doty burner itself that his reputation is best founded, but on his strenuous and intelligent advocacy of mineral oil, and on his practical application of it to a multiple burner. It is gratifying to know that his services have been for this reason recognized by grants of money from the governments of England and France.

Since 1872 the use of petroleum has been more and more extended, and it is now a trusted and perfectly safe illuminant. Until recently the variety known as "Young's lighthouse oil" was exclusively adopted by the Trinity House, its flashing-point being not lower than 142° , its specific gravity 0.81 . Later varieties of it have a flashing-point of 154° . This fluid does not rise to the level of the top of the burner, but is confined to a certain distance below, whence the cotton wicks are charged with it by capillarity, and it is the vapor or gas that is ignited. The absence of overflow leaves the tips of the burner dry and unrefreshed, and therefore subject more or less to rapid deterioration. But in the heavy mineral oil lately recommended by the Trinity House, the specific gravity is between 0.828 and 0.832 (at 60°F.), and the flashing-point is not lower than 250° . This oil, therefore, may probably be allowed to overflow the burner like colza. There is also a very useful variety, under the name of "mineral sperm," which was first introduced by the writer into harbor and ships' signal lights. The flashing-point has reached 270° .

The saving of expense in using mineral oil in a lighthouse may be understood

thus. A six-wick burner of the best Trinity type consumes, when at full power, 79·4 fluid ounces, or half a gallon hourly. In a year of about four thousand hours this would cost perhaps £70. Vegetable oil in the same quantity would cost perhaps £250. There would be no appreciable difference in intensity of light, but much in favor of mineral oil in the facility of service and in the smaller consumption of wicks. *Pari passu* with the adoption of this illuminant has been the improvement in the pressure and pump lamps and their burners effected by the Trinity House and by Messrs. Chance. It is, above all, to Sir James Douglass that credit is due in this field. For at least eighteen years he has worked unweariedly, and in the interest of the public service alone, at the perfecting of the burners which bear his name, whether for colza, paraffin, or gas; and some striking developments have been attained by him. For instance, the typical four-wick vegetable-oil burner of Fresnel had an intensity of 230 candle-units, or 23·6 units per square inch of sectional area. The Trinity four-wick has an intensity of 415 candle-units, or 44·3 per square inch. The Trinity six-wick, perhaps the most serviceable and complete burner ever constructed, equals 730 candles, or 40·1 per square inch. The Trinity seven-wick equals 1,100 candles, or 46·9 per square inch, and the Trinity nine-wick equals 1,785 candles, or 49·8 per square inch. These burners are all for vegetable or mineral oil. The Trinity six-ring gas-burner equals 853 candles, or 44·4 per square inch; and, what appears to be the most powerful combination ever attained, the Trinity ten-ring gas-burner reaches 2,619 candles, or 50·9 per square inch of sectional area. The admirable expanding gas-burners of Mr. Wigham are hardly less powerful. They are formed of concentric circles of jets from 28 to 108 in number, disposed so as to suit optical apparatus of several degrees of size, and weather of every degree of clearness. To this gentleman must be accorded the same pre-eminence in the skilful use of gas for lighthouses as to Capt. Doty for the skilful use of mineral oil. His ingenious combinations and contrivances, not only in regard to power, but to distinctiveness of character, are seen to great advantage in Galley Head and other notable Irish lights. It has been urged against gas flames of the largest dimensions on this system, that a portion of light escapes lenticular action, yet this very ex-focality has been found to have a useful side, for it tends to

produce a glare or glow in the heavens, visible to mariners when the tower is beneath the horizon, and, in some circumstances, positively useful to them. (The electric light produces a similar effect, though in a different manner.) A more serious objection to large gas flames, especially when used in trifurc or quadrifurc series, appears to be the excessive heat, which is capable of injuring the delicate optical glass, and is hardly favorable to the keepers. It is probable that the hyper-radial apparatus just introduced may, both as relates to condensation of light and to mitigation of heat, be well suited to gas-burners of these striking magnitudes. Of the thirty-two dioptric sea-lights in Ireland, about one-fourth are successfully endowed with the gas illuminant. Of the sixty-five in England, the Haisboro' is the only case. There is no gas in the fifty-one Scottish sea-lights, except Ailsa Craig, which has oil gas. It should be added that the compressed mineral-oil gas of Messrs. Pintsch, and the petroleum spirit of Herr Lindberg, for the automatic lighting of buoys, have been, since 1878, tried in this country with great success.

The third illuminant, electricity, has been known in England for about thirty-five years. As generated in the magnetomachines of Prof. Holmes between 1853 and 1862, and as tried experimentally in the lighthouses of Dungeness and South Foreland, it was very small in dimension and very uncertain in character. Several forms of the light were suggested during this period, such as the voltaic arc of Watson and the mercurial electric lamp of Way. With the more effective alternating-current machines, and with the larger carbons, of later years, the arc grew in power and dimension. At the present time carbons of from 25 to 40 millimetres are available, with an intensity in the focus of a light of ten times that of the most powerful gas or oil burner. The arc is thus become a most valuable resource, not merely for its unsurpassable power, but also for its focal adaptability to the usual dioptric apparatus, and to special optical combinations dictated by nautical circumstances. It is most flexible in its application. It radiates no harmful heat. It has the high merit of not exacting any abnormal dimensions of apparatus, lantern, or tower. Lastly, being the most powerful in all its gradations relatively to other illuminants, it is the cheapest of all lights if the cost of establishment and maintenance be computed in terms of the units of

the beam transmitted, which is the only strictly logical and practical way of treating it. For these reasons it has been chosen in France as the best illuminant for a large number of coast lights, and it is making rapid way in Europe and America. It may therefore be safely asserted that the electric light, when it shall have been freed from its last disabilities, and shall have attained its utmost development, will, in the not distant future, be the prevailing illuminant of our own lighthouses and of the other chief lighthouses of the world.

In illustration of the power of the electric arc with suitable optical treatment, I may mention that the direct beams of the Tino light, near Spezia, were observed on April 20, 1885, by Prof. Noceti, from the hill S. Giorgio, behind Savona, at an elevation of 2,733 feet, and a distance of 73 statute miles, the atmosphere being clear and under moonlight. The beams of the arc were notably brighter than those of the *lanterna* at Genoa, at one-third of the distance. Frequent observations are reported of the Macquarie light in New South Wales, at ranges of 60, 65, and 70 nautical miles, by means of reflections on the sky while the light itself is below the horizon.

The relative merits of gas, oil, and electricity, were established in the prolonged official experiments at the South Foreland in 1884-85. It has been proved that there is no appreciable *qualitative* difference between mineral oil and coal gas as light-giving agents; and that such differences as appeared were rather *quantitative*, arising from the number and dimensions of the burners, and the modes of their collocation or superposition. It has been proved also that the electric arc (in addition to its superiority in clear weather, which was never in question) has an absolute superiority in thick weather to both gas and oil—"the greatest penetrative power in fog." Much public controversy has been excited by the report in which conclusions like these are embodied. The fairness and impartiality of persons concerned in the investigation have even been impugned, and objection has been taken to the manner in which the electric light was presented to the observers, and to the refusal of the Trinity House to accept certain maximum arrangements called double triform and double quadriform. But to any one reading the report of the Trinity House (1885) with no bias toward a particular interest or a pre-conceived theory, it must appear that the inquiry

was as exhaustive as it was prolonged, and that it is impossible that such names as those connected with it—names eminent in science, in engineering, and in the nautical and official world—should be associated with any other desire than the desire to shed light on a vexed technical question, and to achieve honorably and thoroughly a great public work. With regard to the exclusion of maximum combinations from the Foreland programme, it was obviously sufficient to compare gas and oil in their respective primary burners, multiplied or combined in such a way as, while insuring equal terms or nearly so, to reproduce the actual or allowable conditions of a lighthouse; and nothing would seem to be gained by augmenting the rival elements *pari gradu* to ampler and ampler bulk regardless of all else. The inter-relation of the numbers one, two, three, is not affected, or very slightly so, by raising them to two, four, six, or to four, eight, twelve. And although the highest power of the initial flame or the emerging beam were reached according to the opinion of the moment, the next day might suggest a still higher power, until it became clear that we might as well revert to the old beacon fire on the headland, for indeed with unlimited tar-barrels or profuse pine logs a light *could* be kindled exceeding everything yet achieved by gas, oil, or electricity, and visible not only on the horizon, but across half the midnight sky.

Phonic signals as auxiliary to luminous signals have engaged the attention of our lighthouse authorities from dates previous to 1837, and almost continuously from 1848 to 1875. The early instruments were the bell, the gun, and the gong, with sometimes an explosive such as a rocket. Between 1848 and 1850, Mr. G. Wells produced his patent "fog screamer" (by atmospheric pressure), which, however, did not meet the approval of the Trinity House, which, in 1853, considered that a good-sized bell struck sharply by machinery surpassed any mode yet tried. During the next ten years experiments on fog-signals were carried on in France, and in 1864 there was an important investigation by the government of the United States. In 1872 a committee of the Trinity House visited that country and Canada, and tested the merits of the new sound instruments in use, chiefly the Daboll horn actuated by air, and the siren actuated by steam. The Canadian and American steam-whistles and the New York siren, together with air-whistles, air-

trumpets, and some guns, were next employed in the most complete scientific and practical inquiry ever held into the laws that regulate the passage of sound through the atmosphere, and into the mechanical agents most suitable to be adopted. The experiments were conducted by the Trinity House at the South Foreland in 1873-74, under the superintendence of Dr. Tyndall, who was able to demonstrate that fog or heavy rain is permeable by sound to a degree never before understood, and that optical transparency might be combined, even as cause and effect, with acoustical opacity or turbidity, and *vice versa*. These results attracted much attention, and although Prof. Tyndall's inductions as to homogeneity or non-homogeneity of the atmosphere have been to some extent questioned, the large body of facts on which they rest has been still further enlarged and confirmed. It follows that a fog dense enough to quench all light may permit sound to be transmitted with unimpaired distinctness; and where the sound, either by alternations of pitch or of interval, is made a substitute for the characteristics of a light-signal, a very valuable secondary set of signals is realized. Of the instruments tried at the South Foreland the siren was found to be the most effective in almost all circumstances. This instrument was the work of Mr. Brown, of New York, to whom a simple and powerful form of caloric engine is also due. It consists of a trumpet about 17 feet long, increasing from 5 to 27 inches in diameter, having two disks in it, one fixed and one rotating, with radial slits in them. The rotation is from 2,000 to 2,500 times in a minute, steam at from 70 to 80 lbs. pressure being supplied. A note of varying pitch and intensity, audible at distances from 3 to 10 miles is thus generated. The siren in another form was improved by Dove and by Helmholtz, and previously by Cagniard de la Tour, who gave it this name, presumably on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. It is now employed at many first-class land lighthouses where space exists for the needful steam or caloric motor. Truly for the help not the harm of the mariner, in the words of the poet, *Siren assuetos effudit in æquore cantus*. It is possible that the recent disaster off Dieppe might have been averted if the Victoria, moving doubtfully through the fog, could have heard the steam-trumpet on Cap d'Ailly, which seems to have been disabled at the critical time. Both the range of the siren and the facilities for working it have of

late been enhanced by the methods of Mr. Charles Ingrey, who, by employing air compressed by engines of 40 horsepower, the air-pressure being 80 lbs. per square inch, has, in the case of the Ailsa Craig establishment, produced from two sirens a sound audible, it is said, at a distance of twenty miles in calm weather. One of these instruments gives single blasts of 5 seconds duration, the other a high, low, and high note in series, each of 2 seconds, with intervals of 2 seconds between them, followed by 170 seconds of silence. This is the phonic analogue of a single-flashing and of a group-flashing light respectively. The compressed air is conveyed from a considerable distance to the siren-house, and Mr. Ingrey is confident that he could work the instrument from an engine placed 10 miles away. After the South Foreland experiments of 1874, the Trinity House proceeded to improve the gun as a sound-signalling agent. It now ranks as second to the siren alone. Gun-cotton is proved to be a more effective charge than powder, and it has been supplied with the gun to a few lightships; but the siren is for principal stations, and the gong, or bell, or an explosive mixture, for others.

The details so far given, though necessarily incomplete, illustrate the notable progress in lighthouse design and construction attained in this country since the accession of our queen, and not less do they show the increasing number of the lights established on our shores. Along with France and the United States — and due honor must be accorded to the eminent men representing them — Great Britain has proceeded steadily in the path of investigation and experiment. And here the labors of the celebrated Royal Commission of 1859-60 on lights, buoys, and beacons should not be overlooked. This commission collected from all maritime countries and from the leading authorities in official life, in engineering and nautical science, in mathematics and physics, a vast body of evidence which to the careful student will not prove the *rudis indigestaque moles* it at first sight appears. Some of the recommendations of the commission have been fully carried into effect during the last quarter of a century, e.g., the proper adjustment of optical agents to the flame and to the sea horizon, the development of lamps and burners, the provision of reflectors, testing of foci, etc. The conclusions also of the commissioners on the complicated and anomalous system of lighthouse government formulated by

the Merchant Shipping Act of 1854 have never been impugned; and the expediency of a central Lighthouse Board as suggested by them, and as indeed had been suggested by the Parliamentary committee of 1834, has become more and more evident down to the present day.

But while Great Britain has, in common with France and the United States, pursued this path of inquiry and reform, she has distanced these countries altogether in the results of research and the realization of improvement. The splendid gift of the dioptric system was made to the world by the genius of Fresnel, yet little has been added to it by his countrymen. The most solid and important additions and applications are the work of Scottish and English engineers, whether in the optics or the mechanics of lighthouses, whether in oil, gas, or electricity. And the gift of Fresnel has thus been returned enhanced threefold to France and to the world. How it has been received is apparent by this one indication; the yearly statistics of our Admiralty comprise forty lighthouse notices issued to mariners in 1862, and 311 issued in 1886, the subjects of these notices being mainly new lights, and the new lights being mainly on the most modern lenticular system.

NOTE.—Since the above was written the small circle of men associated with lighthouse illumination has been broken by the death of its most distinguished member, Thomas Stevenson, who, during the whole of the half century under review, did more than any other to multiply for engineers the resources of his science, and to diminish for all the world the manifold perils of the sea.

The extraordinary power of the electric light has been referred to in connection with the apparatus of Isola del Tino. In a recent communication to the *Standard* from "C. P. S." from Via Reggio, further testimony is given to this power in clear weather, but a far more important and controversial point is conclusively dealt with. The writer says: "Again, though dimmed by heavy rain and thick fog, as it has been during the last few nights, the triple flash is always clear and unmistakable, and then produces, through the quasi-opaque atmosphere, and at a distance of thirty miles, the effect of the blurred disk of the moon on a small scale. This remarkable penetrative power of the Tino light is conclusive proof, not only of how admirably it is designed and suited to its essential purpose as a guiding light

under the peculiar atmospheric conditions of the Mediterranean, but also how hazardous it would be to dip—viz., to divert such a light, as has been suggested by some—from the horizon to the nearer sea in foggy weather, forsooth according to the *bene placito* of the man in charge, on the presumption that in such weather the luminous rays could not reach the horizon, and would therefore be wasted. This presumption is wholly fallacious in the Mediterranean, for in the Bay of Spezia, owing to its proximity to the Apennines, the rainfall is much greater than in other parts of the Tyrrhenean Sea, and banks of land fog can often be seen hanging over the bay and Tino, when the horizon as far as Leghorn, Gorgona, and even Corsica, is perfectly clear."

J. KENWARD.

June, 1887.

From St. James's Gazette.

A QUEEN AND HER MINISTER.

WRITING from Hatfield in August, 1549, the Princess Elizabeth's governess—"my lady's grace's secretary being busy with my lady about her learning"—begs Master Cecil to use his influence on behalf of a certain poor man then a prisoner in Colchester. The interest of the communication is in a postscript added by Elizabeth with her own hand: "I pray you further this poor man's suit; your friend, Elizabeth." It is addressed "Unto thee, my very friend, Master Cecil, with the Lord Protector's grace;" and it is one of the very earliest records of the long connection that existed between them. The princess was then sixteen years of age, her future minister twenty-nine. The last letter written by Lord Burleigh himself was to his son Robert, and this bears date the 10th of July, 1598. Burleigh was then upon his death-bed, and the queen's sympathy and solicitude were unbounded. She sent cordials and refreshments constantly for his use, "and did entreat Heaven daily for his longer life; else would her people, nay herself, stand in need of cordials too." Lord Burleigh was frequently visited by the queen, who more than once herself ministered to his wants. The letter thus runs: "I pray you diligently and effectually let her Majesty understand how her singular kyndness doth overcome my power to acquit it, who though she will not be a mother, yet she sheweth herself by feeding me with her

own princely hand, as a careful nose." Forty-nine years had elapsed between the first diffident request of the youthful princess and the grateful valedictions of the aged minister; and it may be interesting to glance at some of the more personal traits disclosed in both by the occurrences of that momentous interval.

The extraordinary assiduity of Cecil's youth is the keynote of his whole career. At sixteen years of age he arranges with the bell-ringer of his college to call him every morning at four for his studies. At sixty he is regarded as being "of all men of genius the most of a drudge." He entered St. John's College, Cambridge, at fifteen; he was giving public lectures upon logic at sixteen; and at nineteen he delivered a course upon the Greek language. Without waiting to take his degree (which was, however, conferred by the university later on), Cecil then proceeded to Gray's Inn, where he studied law and history. His service with the protector Somerset gave him his opportunity, and at twenty-eight he became secretary of state under Edward VI. Three years afterwards he received knighthood and was sworn of the king's Privy Council. That Queen Mary was fully alive to his capacity is shown by her offer to retain him in his post if he would but renounce the Protestant faith. In declining the queen's proposal, Cecil craved leave "to use his conscience to himself, and to serve her at large as a private man, rather than to be her greatest counsellor."

The fame of Lord Burleigh naturally reposes upon his forty years of administration under Elizabeth; but to form any just idea of the personal tie between the queen and her minister, it is necessary to see what manner of man the latter was at Elizabeth's accession to the throne. He was then thirty-eight years old, thoroughly versed in domestic and foreign affairs, a consummate politician, and a most experienced and prudent adviser. The brilliant promise of his youth had settled into a character of confirmed stability. Hume regards him as "the most vigilant, active and prudent minister ever known in England;" but "he seems not to have possessed any shining talents of address, eloquence, or imagination, and was chiefly distinguished by solidity of understanding, probity of manners, and indefatigable application to business." It must have been grateful to Elizabeth to find her chief minister in one who did not seek to "shine." Brilliancy might for a little while have captivated the queen, but it

would certainly in the long run have frightened her. During the reign of Mary, communication between Elizabeth and Cecil was difficult if not hazardous; but the former had already had abundant opportunity of becoming acquainted with the mind and character of her future secretary. It should be remembered also that Roger Ascham, so long tutor to Elizabeth, was the friend and contemporary of Cecil at Cambridge. When, therefore, the young queen gave her memorable charge to Cecil at Hatfield, on November 20th, 1558, her words were not those of a mere common form: "I give you this charge, that you shall be of my Privy Council, and content yourself to take pains for me and my realm. This judgment I have of you—that you will not be corrupted by any manner of gift, and that you will be faithful to the State; and that without respect to my private will, you will give me that counsel which you think best." [An interesting comment upon the matter of the last phrase is furnished by a note in the black-letter reports of Bulstrode: "The queen used to give this charge many times when any one was called to any office by her—that they should ever stand *pro veritate*, rather than *pro regina*."] When Cecil was created Lord Burleigh, Elizabeth—"who honored her honors by bestowing them sparingly"—again records her sense of the value of her minister's qualities in the preamble of the patent: "Being moved thereto by certain experience of his circumspection, courage, prudence, dexterity, probity of life, foresight, care and faithfulness." So far there is no hint of any perilous "brilliancy" either in Cecil's character or achievements. "Good sense was the leading feature of his intellect," and he got through an extraordinary amount of business.

It is suggested by Miss Strickland that the record of Elizabeth's reign must have been very different if, instead of being supported by the master spirits of the age, "the reasoning powers of Bacon, the eloquence of Sidney, the poetic talents of Spenser, the wit of Harrington, and the genius of Shakespeare had been arrayed against her." Very likely. But it is much more to the purpose to wonder what might have been the issues of her reign but for the counsels and authority of Cecil. Elizabeth might have chosen, in a certain sense, a more brilliant minister; she could not have found a weightier one. The queen's imperious will and irritable pride often found vent. Her servant is some-

times "a presumptuous fellow;" once, indeed, she condescended to call him "a miscreant and coward." When these gusts arose upon trivial matters, Cecil often yielded, or seemed to yield, the point. At sundry coquetries and love matters, not only of the queen, but of many by whom she was surrounded, "my Lord Treasurer Burleigh winketh and will not meddle any way." The queen's repugnance to marriage hardened into a settled feeling against the marriage of the clergy. In the then fluid condition of the reformed religion, such a feeling might have been dangerous to Cecil's general policy; and we find him, therefore, writing in 1561 to Archbishop Parker: "Her Majesty continueth very ill affected to the state of matrimony in the clergy; and if I were not therein very stiff, she would utterly and openly condemn and forbid it." But the quiet happiness of Cecil's married life probably added much to his stability with the queen. She often visited Theobalds; and "my Lady Mildred," Cecil's second wife, stood high in her regards. Often was her husband "tormented with the blasts of the world" and envious of the joys of retirement. His delight was to direct the workers in the gardens of Theobalds, riding among them on a sober-paced mule. Hatfield House had been given to the princess Elizabeth by Edward VI. in 1550; and it was not till 1607 that it came into the possession of Robert Cecil, the first Earl of Salisbury, who received it from James I. in exchange for Theobalds. To Theobalds came the white charger on which Elizabeth reviewed and inspired her troops at Tilbury, and which she presented to Burleigh as a mark of her favor. She also gave him her portrait; and in 1564 stood sponsor for his infant daughter, upon whom she bestowed her own name.

It is beyond our province to touch the weightier acts of this great copartnership. But one, at least, may be mentioned. The debasement of the English currency had long been notorious, and this Cecil set himself to remedy. It was a costly undertaking, conceived as it was on the popular footing that, for the old money called in, everybody should receive the nominal value in new coin. This measure extended to Ireland; and that some loyal hearts then beat there is shown by a ballad composed at the time:—

Let bonfires shine in every place,
Sing and ring the bells apace,
And pray that long may live her Grace
To be the good Queen of Ireland.

The effects of Elizabeth's constitutional parsimony were often adroitly counteracted by Cecil, of whom it is recorded as a saying "that he never cared to see the Treasury swell like a disordered spleen when the other parts of the Commonwealth were in a consumption."

Probably no adviser could have forced upon Elizabeth a course opposed to her own will and judgment; but she had great tact and real graciousness in yielding to the undoubted will of the nation. All chroniclers agree as to the queen's immense popularity in the city of London. She never forgot her civic relationship on the maternal side. She "gave life to the solemnities" with which she was wont to be received there, and the "perpetual attentiveness of her Majesty's countenance" always flattered—and perhaps sometimes surprised—those who were privileged to address her. It must be remembered that Elizabeth governed as well as reigned; and her attachment to Burleigh was founded upon her recognition of the fact that there was none who could so help in the great enterprise. No one has more happily defined the nature of the compact between them than Hume: "She for her realm, he for a realm in her." But that the queen had also a strong personal affection for her forty years' minister, is shown by many trivial circumstances. She constantly made him sit in her presence; he was a martyr to the gout; but this was no small condescension for the "daughter of the lion." Once when visiting Burleigh in his last sickness, an attendant reminded her that she must stoop to enter his chamber door: "For your master's sake I will, though not for the king of Spain."

Elizabeth was the idol of her subjects, on the intelligible ground that they recognized in her a patriot. She was the bulwark of Protestantism and liberty; and Cecil, Lord Burleigh, was her right hand. Both had deeply at heart and firmly carried on the making of England among the nations; and it was in their unswerving allegiance to this ideal that queen and minister were essentially great.

From The English Mechanic.
INDIAN SWORDS AND SWORDSMEN.

THE high-class damascened and exquisitely tempered blades, the curved scimitars of extra hard steel, and the keen weapons of highly finished durability, came to India with those mighty conquer-

ors of the East, the Mohammedans, whose descendants under the victorious and peace-promoting British rule can no longer follow the craft, disarming being the prevailing *régime*. The comparatively few sword-blades of sterling quality nowadays are only to be found in the palaces of loyal princes, most of them heirlooms in their armories. Before the great Mutiny, every native, even menial servants, carried a sword; the peasant at his plough wore the weapon of defence; so did the homeless wanderer in search of employ, and the black soldier on short leave. It was a national appendage, due to the unsettled state of popular feelings and lawless inclinations. The excited Moslem printed and shouted the great text of the false prophet, "The sword is the key of heaven and hell;" while the quiet Hindoo frequented midnight meetings, and brought his *teghar*, or village sabre, to a razor edge. The quiet dweller in England will scarcely believe the prodigies performed in sword-cutting by these coarse, ill-looking bits of curved metal, costing frequently no more than 1s. 6d. to 2s. The Englishman can excel in everything if he chooses to master the object. Not less than half-a-dozen, perhaps even a dozen, have attained such swordsmanship with the Oriental weapon as to become acknowledged champions, the title of Master of the Sword (Sahib Tulwar) being bestowed on them by universal consent. I had shot numerous wild beasts, when I was told by an expert that my hunting education was very deficient, as I could not handle a scimitar to stop my game. I was told to exercise continually on a pillar of soft clay, and thus acquire the drawing cut at the proper part of the blade; then on a pillar loosely stuffed with cotton; then on a newly killed wildcat or jackal, kneaded previous to the practice by the feet of a heavy man till the carcass became a loose, soft mass; then on a great pond carp, a fish clad with heavy, horny scales, like elastic mail — considered an *AI* feat to test man and sword. My first trial at this experiment resulted in a triple fracture of the good blade, sundry scales flying in the air, uncut, only dislodged; then the artistic *tour de force* at paper cones placed on a table, and muslin thrown up to a height — all manner of strange and difficult tasks, which, being only ornamental, I eventually forsook for the useful and more easy decapitation of fierce quadrupeds, beginning with a wounded wild hog of full growth, and on essaying the sloping stroke behind the ear, sweeping off the head nearly, that

important part dropping between the fore feet. Not long before I had seen a bold young Ghoorka princeling dismount from his elephant, leave it standing to await his return, and follow on foot alone an immense boar he had wounded with his rifle. On nearing the powerful brute, it champed its foamy tusks to charge. He drew his *hookree* (or Nepaulese sword), and as it sprang at him, the blade was buried across piggy's back, all but severing him in two parts. Perhaps the readers of "E. M." will not credit my statement of village peasants with sword and shield attacking and slashing a full-grown tiger, when one of these powerful animals has strayed from the forest into their fields. Yet I have often known such encounters — a man or two always killed and several wounded, the tiger's skin spoiled, too, by the long, deep cuts of their teghars. I saw a champion swordsman, a native soldier, who went into the rose-bushes alone with no other weapon — shield on shoulder. His cuts were masterly; but the bold man was soon struck down and severely mauled. A crowd came to the rescue and shot the beast; the hero slowly recovered.

"The manly weapon" is its designation. In their party fights each side would swear that no other deadly arms should be used. I accidentally witnessed one of these combats. Swordsmen, shield on arm, in twos and threes came running to the scene of quarrel — a cow's trespass. It was an exciting event. Clansmen were continually arriving, and every man selected his foe. There was grand sword-play. The head, legs, and arms seemed to me the chief points of attack. Being a British subject, passing through an independent State, I was obliged to gallop off as fast as my horse could go at the commencement of this battle. At the same time and place near my camp two brothers fought a duel about land; one was killed, the other well slashed. In two or three days I passed by a battle royal; the king of Oudh's troops were besieging some refractory landowners, who refused to pay their rents. Heavy cannon were booming around and musketry cracking; the village swordsmen and feudal retainers, under cover of night, made many a daring sally, and left the print of their teghars on Moslem limbs. I saw blood-stained bodies on rude cots being carried away to their homes. The unequal struggle had already lasted three days. That tough and stubborn peasantry could boast that in long years they had never once been

defeated — no, not even by regular troops. Among some military trophies, I once saw a very rude, rusty teghar — *locally worth a shilling* — which had cleanly decapitated a raw recruit, severing coat, collar, brass buckle, and caste necklet of hard enamel beads. The nimble village rebel had sprung on the Sepoy from a bush while trimming his flint-lock after a miss-fire. This and all the low-priced teghars and tulwars are of very soft metal, capable of being bent and straightened across the blade, while the arch, or cutting portion, with razor edge, offers immense resistance in the hands of an expert, who, behind his shield, can watch and measure his opportunity; only the straight thrust of British bayonets or dragoon blades can reach him. The metal and finish of cutting arms improve when we enter north India. Hard steel of fine temper and high workmanship used to be common until two Sikh wars and the great Mutiny abolished the demand for such deadly wares. The skilful Mohammedan craftsman had to emigrate for a livelihood, or too often dwindled into a blacksmith of harmless occupation. I remember in the good old times of the East India Company itinerant sword-pedlars, Persians and Afghans of

great stature and big turbans. "Do you want any swords?" "Yes — but where are they?" "Here," and the vendor's hands were lifted to his head-cloth, where they groped awhile; out sprang three or four shining steel snakes, elastic blades, unhandled *à la mode*, £20 to £50 each in value, sometimes more. Then the dealer put them through various severe tests to satisfy his customers, packing them away again in their hiding-place, should there be no sale, and going on his road. But there were many shapes and sizes and sorts of scimitars of great price, harder and less flexible, both plain and damascened. The black steel of Khorasan, very rare in the market, reputed to cut off the neck of an anvil — an Eastern anvil, of course. The Persian and central-Asian specimens, elegantly watered in circular veins, some so light that a girl could use them, others so heavy that height and length of arm, with breadth of chest, were needful gifts of nature to utilize them — men like Rob Roy, or Mahmoud of Ghuzni, whose hands hung below their knees. The latter notable carried an awful steel mace in preference to a sword, and smashed idols and idolaters with his own arms on all occasions.

THE QUEEN'S LETTER. — A supplement to the *London Gazette* contained the following letter from her Majesty the queen, received by the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for the Home Department: —

Windsor Castle, June 24, 1887.

I am anxious to express to my people my warm thanks for the kind, and more than kind, reception I met with on going to and returning from Westminster Abbey, with all my children and grandchildren.

The enthusiastic reception I met with then, as well as on all these eventful days, in London, as well as in Windsor, on the occasion of my jubilee, has touched me most deeply. It has shown that the labor and anxiety of fifty long years, twenty-two of which I spent in unclouded happiness shared and cheered by my beloved husband, while an equal number were full of sorrows and trials, borne without his sheltering arm and wise help, have been appreciated by my people.

This feeling, and the sense of duty towards my dear country and subjects who are so inseparably bound up with my life, will encourage me in my task — often a very difficult and arduous one — during the remainder of my life.

The wonderful order preserved on this occasion and the good behavior of the enormous multitudes assembled merits my highest admiration.

That God may protect and abundantly bless my country is my fervent prayer.

VICTORIA R. and I.

ELECTRIC LIGHT AT THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG. — The czar of Russia, at his Winter Palace on the banks of the Neva, possesses what is probably the largest permanent installation of electric light ever placed in a single building. The palace itself is illuminated by twelve thousand incandescent lamps, while fifty-six powerful arcs light up the front and the various courtyards. The machine-room contains eight engines, capable of developing twenty-five hundred horsepower; the dynamos, including reserve machines, are twenty-six in number. The work was planned and carried out by the engineers of the palace, in conjunction with the St. Petersburg house of Siemens and Halske, and the installation has been at work since the commencement of last winter. Electrician.

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